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The Shape of Things

THE DISLOCATION OF WORLD TRADE CAUSED by the war must eventually be reflected in the complete breakdown of the international exchanges unless, before the present rigid emergency controls are removed, some new method of stabilizing currencies can be inaugurated. And as Secretary Morgenthau told a combined session of the appropriate Senate committees on April 5, "this formidable task can be successfully handled only through international cooperation." To this end the United States has now issued an invitation to all members of the United Nations to take part in a conference on monetary problems which will meet in the near future. Two major plans, at least, are likely to be discussed by this conference, one British and one American; and while these are being spoken of as "rivals," it seems clear, from the details that have been allowed to leak out, that they have much in common. The American plan, which is understood to have been devised largely by Harry White, the Treasury's director of monetary research, represents a development of the pre-war tripartite agreement between the United States, France, and Britain. Instead of national stabilization funds, with close cooperation between their managers, a single international stabilization fund is proposed. The control of this fund would be in the hands of an international board appointed by the governments of participating nations, with voting power related to the contribution made by each to the required fund. However, no one nation would have more than 25 per cent of the voting power.

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SINCE THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE OF THE PLAN is to eliminate the hazards to trade of wildly fluctuating exchanges, it would be necessary for the participating governments to agree not to engage in competitive depreciation of currencies. The value of currencies would be fixed in terms of gold by directors of the international stabilization fund representing at least four-fifths of the votes, and alterations in the exchange rates could only be made by the same method. The British plan, whose author is Lord Keynes, financial adviser to the British Treasury, carries these ideas a stage farther. It visualizes a world bank or clearing-house which would have a relationship to the national banks of the member countries somewhat similar to that of the Federal Re-

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serve Board to the Federal Reserve banks. It provides for a new world currency—"bancor"—which would be solely a money of account representing a fixed weight of gold. National currencies would be valued in terms of bancor and would thus have a definite relation to gold and to each other. The operating funds of the new institution would be contributed by the national banks of each member in the form of gold or national currencies, or both, and each would receive an overdraft limit based on pre-war trade and similar factors. Thus if Britain, for instance, incurred an unfavorable balance of international payments, it could, for a time, finance the difference by means of this overdraft. But if it exceeded the limit it would automatically be called upon by the management of the international bank to adjust its position by surrendering gold, taking steps to check imports, or curbing the flow of external capital payments.

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NEITHER THE AMERICAN NOR THE BRITISH plan, it is clear, would function at all effectively, any more than the pre-1914 gold-standard system, unless trade policies were adopted that permitted an expanding international exchange of goods. For this reason we welcome the recent speech of Sumner Welles urging a renewal of the Trade Agreements Act before its expiration in June. Even though this measure is a fairly modest contribution to the problem of freeing world trade, its lapse would, as Mr. Welles pointed out, be regarded by other nations as an indication of America's intention to return to economic isolation.

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THE BATTLE OF INFLATION REACHES ITS crucial stage this week as Congress reconsiders the Bankhead bill in the light of President Roosevelt's stinging veto. Although the bill to exclude government benefit payments from "parity" calculations was originally passed in both houses by large majorities, the President posed the inflation issue so clearly in his veto message that there is a good possibility that at least one of the houses will sustain his action. Mr. Roosevelt did not refer directly to the United Mine Workers' demand for a $2-a-day wage increase, but he intimated that a further increase in the cost of food, such as is inevitable if the Bankhead bill becomes law, would force an abandonment of the Little Steel formula for wages. This would start an "inflationary spiral that would ultimately cancel out whatever gains labor has made" . . . and "make it infinitely harder for the farmer to protect himself from . . . post-war chaos." Congress may, of course, choose to ignore the President's warning and pass the bill over his veto, but if it does so, it will have to take full responsibility before the public for wrecking the President's inflation-control program. And Congress is beginning to realize that by the time 1944 rolls around, the cost of living will transcend all other domestic issues in the mind of the average voter.

*

ALTHOUGH THE NEGOTIATIONS OVER COAL wages have been extended through April, the situation remains filled with explosive possibilities. At the moment the operators are split on how to proceed. With the aid of Federal Conciliator John R. Steelman, the Northern operators are said to be making progress in their negotiations with the United Mine Workers. In the hope of working out a compromise that would not disturb the Little Steel formula, they are reported to be willing to discuss the miners' demand that pay be computed on a portal-to-portal basis instead of the present face-to-face basis. The Southern operators, on the other hand, have refused to negotiate this point and are seeking to have the entire dispute transferred to the National War Labor Board. John L. Lewis's attitude toward the WLB makes such a move at this time of doubtful value. The resignation from the Labor Board last week of Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the U. M. W., because of express dissatisfaction with the Little Steel formula suggests that Lewis is prepared to fight the board's handling of the coal dispute. His bitterness will be no less if, as is reported in Washington, Van A. Bittner, whom Lewis ousted as a member of the U. M. W., is appointed to succeed Mr. Kennedy on the board. The best chance for a peaceful settlement of the controversy seems to lie in giving Mr. Steelman firm support in his efforts to negotiate a compromise.

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IN A SPEECH AT READING ADOLF A. BERLE, Assistant Secretary of State, declared that "the idea of a buffer state is as dead as a dodo." We agree, but we still want to know why the odor of the corpse hangs so persistently around the corridors of State. And while we are glad to have Mr. Berle go on record as an opponent of the *cordon sanitaire* policy we propose to keep our fingers crossed until we learn that Hapsburg, Eckhardt, and emissaries of Catholic reaction have become *personae non gratae* at the State Department. In attacking the unkind people who have criticized recent developments in American foreign policy, Mr. Berle used the common and shabby rhetorical device of bracketing together as "meddlers or loose thinkers or plain liars" those who have attacked public officials both as too friendly toward Russia and as not friendly enough. This shows ingratitude toward the Russophobes who have consistently praised every reactionary move by the State Department, while it is unfair to those who have stood fast against attempting to wage a war against fascism by encouraging fascists. The evidence is all too clear that some high officials in the State Department have at least

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been toying with the idea of creating a Central European bloc which can be relied upon to keep the Continent safe from bolshevism. We have always thought this the surest way of driving all Europe to communism. If Mr. Berle has now grasped this fact we will acclaim his return to realism. But we await stronger evidence than one speech.

*

ONE SALUTARY ACTION WHICH WOULD HELP us to believe that Mr. Berle means what he says would be a reorganization of the hitherto unpublicized Interdepartmental Committee for Nationality Problems, of which he is the head. The function of this committee is to handle relations with foreign groups in this country, and it is presumably responsible for some of the odd choices which the State Department has made in dealing with such groups. Its work is secret and confidential, and its secretary is a Miss Rebecca G. Wellington. Miss Wellington is listed in the State Department Register for 1942 as having been private and social secretary to the German embassy from 1928 to 1939, to the Italian embassy from 1933 to 1939, and to the Finnish legation from 1939 to 1941. She was also social secretary to Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and entered the employ of the State Department six days after Pearl Harbor at $2,600. A Washington society reporter defended the State Department appointment on the ground that Miss Wellington had long experience in "dealing with foreigners." Long experience in helping to make Nazis and Fascists socially successful hardly seems the proper background for dealing with Austrian Socialists or Czech democrats.

*

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO WE EXPRESSED THE view that while the Soviet government was responsible for having outraged public opinion by the execution of Alter and Ehrlich, it was well to remember that "the enemy in this war is still the international fascist conspiracy headed by Adolf Hitler," that it would be well, as it were, to keep our eye on the ball. That is still our belief, and we think that no good purpose is served at this moment in history by rehearsing the grim details at mass-meetings and in newspaper advertisements. It is hard to maintain this perspective, however, in the kind of atmosphere generated by our domestic Communists. Not content with Ambassador Litvinov's vague explanation, Earl Browder, though admitting that "we do not know upon what evidence a Soviet court convicted Ehrlich and Alter," proceeds, like Pooh Bah, to add "corroborative detail intended to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." In the allegedly subversive acts of the two veteran Socialists he sees "a conspiratorial effort of American citizens, organized on American soil, to overthrow the government of the Soviet Union." The two principals in the case, outstanding leaders in the struggle against Hitler, are branded "pro-Nazis," and American labor leaders who, like James Carey, expressed their resentment of the executions are accused of stabbing the Red Army in the back, a charge that will do little to further unity on the trade-union front.

*

ACTUALLY THE COMMUNISTS NEED LOSE little sleep over Mr. Browder's fear that "the hullabaloo about Ehrlich and Alter . . . is part of the preparation for what Vice-President Wallace warned against as a 'double-cross' of the Soviet Union." If the Scripps-Howard papers grow maudlin over the two Socialists, the executions have won the Soviets such new friends as Representative Rankin of Mississippi. "I think I am justified," he told the House in reference to the Ehrlich-Alter affair, "in calling attention to some of the Jewish propaganda that is being used in this country to stir up trouble between us and Russia." Passing easily beyond the bounds of Congressional decorum, Rankin assailed "the Jewish gentleman from New York" (Representative Celler) for not having exposed *PM* and other publications that did not share the Browder-Rankin view of the "two Jewish agitators." Stalin's stature has increased immeasurably in the mind of this Southern primitive. "In other words, as Eddie Rickenbacker said the other day," he expounded to the House, "communism has left Russia. When this war is over, those Russian soldiers will go back and be permitted to own their own homes, own their own land, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience." The Soviets should not be held responsible for the antics of the un-Christian gentleman from Mississippi, but his speech in the House indicates how much aid and comfort has been afforded the most natural double-crossers of the Soviet Union by this particular piece of Soviet justice.

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THE SLOGAN "EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN" has a fine sound, but we are convinced that the Equal Rights Amendment, which has been favorably recommended to the judiciary committees of both houses of Congress, would lower rather than raise the status of women, particularly in industry. It would provide a perfect instrument for breaking down the protective legislation which has been painfully built up in the several states; these laws may be "discriminatory," but we doubt that working women consider such regulations invasions of their "rights." So simple and sweeping an amendment would create great confusion and give rise to endless litigation in both state and federal courts; it would not accomplish its avowed purpose. We think it particularly unwise to press such an amendment at a time when, in the name of the war effort, there is a strong tendency to reduce the standards and safeguards of workers in general.

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EUROPE'S REMAINING 5,000,000 JEWS ARE dying at an ever-accelerating rate, but the United States government still neglects to take the most elementary steps in their behalf. A month ago we were assured that the executive committee of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees would soon meet in Ottawa to undertake a "preliminary exploration" of the problem. But like many promises in the past, the announcement has not materialized. Moreover, as Representative Celler recently pointed out, the State Department continues its "glacier-like attitude" toward the few anti-Nazi refugees that have reached our shores. The indorsement of reputable relief agencies is of little weight in helping refugees to gain sanctuary within our gates. Nothing whatever has been done to facilitate the possible emigration of Jews in Hitler-occupied Europe to temporary asylums in Allied or neutral countries, to open havens in Latin America, or otherwise to carry out the moderate program set up at the March 1 mass-meeting in New York. We approve of the efforts now being made to assure universal freedom and justice in the post-war world, but it is intolerable that our State Department should let millions die while it concerns itself with these distant goals.

Competition for Planes

ALTHOUGH one still hears complaints that the American High Command is not sufficiently "air-minded," it is clear that in all theaters where our forces are engaged the plane is playing an ever-greater part. In all his victories, including the latest, Montgomery's tactics have been based on intensive use of air bombing and strafing both as a preliminary to attack and in pursuit, and he has acknowledged that the cooperation he has received from American and British fliers has been "superb." At the same time the strategic bombing force in North Africa under the command of General Doolittle has been systematically pounding the enemy's distant bases—as in the two recent mass raids on Sardinia and Naples—and ceaselessly harrying his communications. And apart from their immediate influence on operations, these activities are paving the way for future invasions of Europe.

Similarly, the ever-heavier attacks being made on Germany and the occupied countries by the R. A. F. and the American Eighth Air Force are serving more than one purpose. Their main object is to weaken the enemy economically and thus to prepare the way for an assault on the "fortress" which he boasts is impregnable. But they also ease the load on other fronts by keeping an important fraction of the Luftwaffe pinned down in the west. Finally, constant raids have an effect on German morale which, while difficult to measure, cannot be left out of account.

In the Pacific, too, the plane is playing a major role in the aggressive defensive which General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey are waging to the discomfiture of Japanese hopes. In the New Guinea campaign General MacArthur, lacking naval support, has relied on his fliers to block enemy efforts to supply and reinforce their ground troops, and again and again they have succeeded brilliantly. The Battle of the Bismarck Sea was not only one of the decisive victories of air history but impressive proof of the helplessness of a surface force in narrow waters against a determined attack made by land-based planes.

With our airmen so busily and usefully engaged all over the world, it is not surprising that there should be competition for new machines between the different fronts. It is no secret that the high officers from the Pacific theater who gathered in Washington recently for a conference with the joint General Staff were particularly intent on arguing their need for more planes. One of MacArthur's generals has been quoted by Barry Faris of the International News Service as saying: "Give us the equivalent of just two days' production of planes a month, 7 per cent of our total output, and I guarantee we can blast a path through to Tokyo. But give those little so-and-so's another year like the one just past . . . and the job of licking them will be monumental."

It is easy to sympathize with the men who have accomplished so much with such limited means in their desire for more and better tools to exploit their victories. But their cause has not been helped by the newspapers of the Hearst-McCormick axis, which have insisted on making this a political issue. The policy of beating Hitler first has been definitely agreed upon between us and our allies, and there is no doubt that it is the correct one. Germany is basically immensely stronger than Japan, but it has become vulnerable to an early concerted attack through its exhausting attempts to conquer Russia. On the other hand, it is capable of rapid recuperation if the pressure is relaxed and Hitler is given an opportunity to organize the territories he has conquered. Even now we cannot match Germany in armed man-power, but we can overwhelm it with equipment, and particularly planes, provided we resist the temptation to disperse our striking power.

The idea that Japan can also dig in, if subjected merely to "holding" attacks for a period, is open to question. True, Japan has won immense supplies of basic raw materials, but it still remains a second-rate industrial power. Years not months would be required to overcome that handicap, and meanwhile there is a good deal of evidence that it is suffering from a shortage of ships, without which the treasures of its far-flung "empire" will be of little use. It has been reported recently that Japan has concentrated large numbers of planes in islands to the north of Australia, but they have not

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been very much in evidence, and it is doubtful whether its productive capacity in this department is able to do more than keep pace with its losses. Moreover, according to General Kenney, MacArthur's air commander, the quality of Japanese pilots has deteriorated. "Their highly skilled first-string team is gone," he told a reporter, "while our first team is just beginning to get into line."

There has been much talk lately of Japanese activities in the islands dotting the Timor Sea, and fears have been expressed that these may become bases for an attack on Australia. We would hesitate to say that this was impossible, but we regard it as unlikely, and even if the Japanese succeeded in invading northern Australia, they would still be many hundreds of miles from any vital objective. Nor are we much impressed by the theory that, by allowing the Japanese to fortify their conquered islands undisturbed, we are committing ourselves to a long, painful, and costly process of reconquest. Eventually, we suspect, Japan will be beaten by an immense Allied naval concentration in the Pacific, including dozens of carriers, in combination with a land offensive in China. By maintaining the line in the southern Pacific until the defeat of Hitler frees the necessary naval forces, General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey are playing a vital role, and we hope some aerial reinforcements can be spared to them. But unless the threat to their positions can be demonstrated to be more dangerous than it appears at present, we suspect they will have to make do with a priority second to Europe and, perhaps, to the China-Burma theater as well.

The Ruml Fiasco

AFTER giving the Ruml plan a well-deserved trouncing on the House floor, the Democratic majority in Congress has apparently decided to rest on its laurels. Chairman Doughton of the Ways and Means Committee has declared that it will be May or June before his committee is prepared to take up the subject of taxes again. There is talk of a two weeks' Easter vacation for the legislators, who might as well not have convened so far as their most vital job—raising revenue to pay for the war—is concerned. In view of Congressional apathy, Secretary Morgenthau has expressed serious doubt as to whether a withholding tax can be put into operation before 1944.

A large section of the press, particularly in New York City, has sought to lay the responsibility for the whole tax fiasco on the Administration, declaring that if the Treasury had not opposed the Ruml plan we should now have a pay-as-you-go tax system on the statute books. This is disingenuous, but if it were true we should be grateful to the Administration for blocking a plan that would have precipitated a buying spree and thereby wrought havoc with the entire anti-inflation program. The truth, as a reading of the newspaper comment during the weeks before the House vote will readily disclose, is that the tremendous build-up given the Ruml plan was responsible for diverting both public and Congressional attention from the necessity for an immediate and substantial increase in revenue. The need for additional revenue, and not the dubious value of putting taxes on a current basis, is the primary reason why an effective plan for collecting taxes at the source must be set up as quickly as possible. Advocates of the Ruml plan deliberately sought to give the impression that their plan and theirs alone would accomplish this objective. Actually, the Ways and Means Committee bill, feeble though it was, provided the same withholding tax as the Carlson bill and had the additional advantage of offering an inducement for prepayment of taxes.

Now that the Ruml plan has been defeated, it is to be hoped that the press will drop the extraneous issue of tax forgiveness and help focus public attention on the urgency of increasing taxes as a means of controlling inflation. This has been the main issue from the beginning, and it is not a matter that will wait "until May or June." The danger of a runaway inflation grows daily. It may be seen in the increased pressure of labor for higher wages, of the farm bloc for higher agricultural prices, and of the consumer for protection against infringement of price ceilings. The growth of the black markets is a direct reflection of our failure to come to grips with the problem of excess spending power, an excess which a recent OPA study shows to be concentrated almost entirely among families in the income-tax-paying brackets.

A general increase in tax rates that would not go into effect until January 1, 1944, and would not influence tax collections before next March 15 obviously is not going to be of much use in curbing the huge excess spending power already in people's hands. A withholding tax that starts on July 1 at the latest is the only feasible plan for meeting the problem directly. Since both Democrats and Republicans have agreed on the necessity for such a tax, there can be no excuse for further procrastination. The question whether the tax should be credited against 1942 or 1943 incomes is wholly unimportant. Preferably the withholding tax should be graduated, so as to permit more than 20 per cent collections from the higher income groups. And a method should be worked out for applying the pay-as-you-go principle to interest and dividends as well as to wages and salaries. But refinements of this sort may have to be sacrificed in the interest of getting a collection-at-the-source system in operation at the earliest possible moment. Far too much time has already been lost. Neither party considerations nor technicalities should be allowed to stand in the way of immediate action.

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Cost-Plus War at Sea

THE lie that members of the National Maritime Union refused to unload ships at Guadalcanal was given wide circulation. It will be interesting to see how much attention is accorded the report submitted to Senator Downey of California by President Philip Murray of the C. I. O. This report was made on behalf of the National Maritime Union, the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen, the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, and the American Communications Commission. It gives in detail a long list of cases of mismanagement and inefficiency in the handling of ships and cargoes. The report was made public after repeated attempts in private to get action on these cases from the War Shipping Administration. The effort was unsuccessful, perhaps because the cases reflect on the WSA, the great shipping companies, and the profitable but wasteful practice of carrying on the war at sea on a cost-plus basis.

Though the Guadalcanal story was made up out of whole cloth by an employee of the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation and has been disowned by the Navy Department, there is a somewhat similar case in the C. I. O. report. If true, it reflects on a shipping company and a commanding officer rather than on labor. "A ship lay 100 days in the South Pacific," the report says, "during which time crew members were not permitted to help unload the ship by order of the shipping operators. A crew delegation went ashore and told the United States army major in charge of the port that they had volunteered their work in unloading, without extra compensation, and that their offer was rejected. The major welcomed their offer, but they were still not allowed to work." This should be read in connection with another statement in the report. "At Southwest Pacific ports ships unloading dump tons of trucks, guns, ammunition, and supplies into the sea. The fighting men in the services ashore make jokes about swimming out and diving down to get these supplies." These stories have implications so shocking that we should expect the War Shipping Administration and the shipping companies to join with Senator Downey in his demand that the Truman committee and the Senate Commerce Committee investigate.

Luxury cargoes, according to the report, are still being carried in the Pacific, and ships that could carry goods carry ballast. "Private shipping operators," the C. I. O. charges, "through cost-plus contracts, prefer slow and inefficient methods of cargo handling and ship operation inasmuch as greater profit accrues to them." There is inadequate training of new seamen. Survivors of torpedoed ships are poorly treated. Radio communications are inadequate, and ships often miss submarine warnings and distress signals because they carry only one radio officer and thus have no twenty-four-hour radio watch.

Most tragic of all are the charges that the report makes as to the handling of shipments from West Coast ports to the Soviet Union. In one West Coast port area, though 250,000 tons of lend-lease cargo awaited shipment on the docks, hundreds of skilled longshoremen stood idly by for two days before being given orders to load. At the height of the Soviet winter offensive, according to the C. I. O., while hundreds of thousands of tons of cargo for the Russians lay on the docks, shipments were handled at a rate of 50,000 tons a month when facilities could have handled 200,000 tons. "At the same time," the report says, "as many as ten old ships were awaiting repairs in the same port. These were formerly owned by United States shipping companies and turned over to the Russians, and new ships given to the shipping companies." A new 10,000-ton Liberty ship costs $1,600,000. Repairs on the old ones cost from $500,000 to $1,250,000 a ship and took weeks of work but were still insufficient to enable them to carry heavy cargoes. There has been no more disgusting set of revelations in this war. We join the C. I. O. in demanding a full investigation, with punishment of the greedy interests and complaisant WSA officials responsible.

The Spanish Prisoners

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SPANISH Republicans, meeting this past Monday in New York at Carnegie Hall, asked our government for the release of the thousands of Spanish refugees and ex-soldiers still imprisoned in North Africa. For the first time since the Spanish War every faction and political tendency joined in this demonstration, and their plea was echoed from Mexico and Cuba and all over South America. From Mexico, in particular, came a message of solidarity signed by leaders of every important group from the Basque Catholics and the right Republicans to the Communists. The plight of the prisoners, whose physical sufferings have been described by many observers returning from North Africa, has stirred to bitter protest their fellow-countrymen in exile in the Americas. That these men are still in filthy concentration camps long after the political prisoners of every other nationality have been released—five months after President Roosevelt promised the release of all anti-fascist prisoners—is an outrage that no Spanish-speaking people could be expected to ignore.

But for Americans it holds an even more serious meaning. The Loyalists in North Africa are not accidental left-overs of a system that has slowly been liquidated. These men are held precisely because they are Spaniards —Spanish anti-fascists. They are not merely men who

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fought against Hitler and Mussolini while the United States and Britain were trying to appease the dictators. Today we are fighting Hitler and Mussolini ourselves; so that crime could presumably be forgiven. But they are the enemies, the tough and steadfast enemies, of the miserable little dictator who is held in power in Spain by the joint support of Nazi arms and American food and oil. That is their real offense. And so, just as they were kept in prison for Franco's benefit by Hitler's orders during the Vichy era in North Africa, they are today kept in prison for Franco's benefit by American orders.

This is a fact—ugly and undeniable—which Spaniards may politely ignore but which Americans must face: because the American government and also the British government are trying to buy the favors of the fascist dictator of Spain, 5,000 or 20,000 Spanish Republicans —even the number is in dispute—are suffering in prison camps in Africa. It is not a pretty fact to have to face. It would be pleasanter to pretend that the fate of those men was due to confusion and inefficiency or the ill-will of French officials. Pleasanter, but wholly unrealistic. They could and would be released tomorrow if the United States said they should be released.

The treatment of the Spanish prisoners in North Africa by the American government is a replica on a small scale of the treatment of the Spanish Republic by the American government in 1936 and 1937 and 1938. Like Spain itself, these men are a living sacrifice on the altar of the fascist war lords—only this time the particular god to be appeased is the smallest of the lot, with neither the will nor the freedom to bestow the favors this great government has demeaned itself to ask. And so Americans must demand the freedom of the Spanish prisoners, partly as an act of justice, but far more as a political act—as a guaranty of the end of a policy of shameful connivance with the Franco regime—with forces that hate and openly condemn every purpose for which this war is being fought.

P.S.: As we go to press the Joint Commission for Political Refugees in North Africa has announced that arrangements have been made to free most political prisoners. Encouraging announcements have been made before. If this one turns out to be true, it will be due largely to the powerful movement throughout Latin America in behalf of the Spaniards—a movement which has made a profound impression in Allied circles.

N. AFRICA CONCENTRATION CAMP
SPANISH REPUBLICAN PRISONERS
VANGUARD OF THE FIGHT OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST THE AXIS
WHAT ABOUT US?

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Capital Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 4

DAFFIEST bit of Washington correspondence in a long time was a Chicago *Tribune* story from the capital which was also carried here last week by Cissie Patterson's *Times-Herald*. The dispatch, by Walter Trohan, quoted "word . . . from the underground of patriots" in occupied Europe that American short-wave propaganda "extolling the Soviets" was hurting the Allied cause. American broadcasts, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* secret underground sources, confirmed Nazi propaganda "that Britain has betrayed the small nations into the hands of the Bolsheviks and that the deal has been made with the consent of the United States." The broadcasts, as a result, were "increasing the efficiency of so-called slave labor in German industry. In deciding to throw in their lot with the Nazis as against the Reds," Trohan reports, straight from the underground, "many captive workers no longer attempt to delay production." Note the phrase "so-called." OWI sources declare that short-wave broadcasts about the Soviet Union have been objective news reports, but these reports in recent months, of course, have consistently told of victories. Perhaps the Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would encourage the underground more if we spread word that Hitler was winning.

When the history of this period comes to be written, I believe it will be found that the State Department and not North African influence was largely responsible for the abrogation of the Cremieux decree of 1870, which conferred French citizenship on the Jews of Algeria. I do not know who the "unbiased specialist" was whom Under Secretary Welles quoted in his letter to Baron Edouard de Rothschild, but the State Department "specialist" with whom I discussed the problem several months ago was extraordinarily vague and flighty on his facts and reflected the anxiety of some forces within the department to find an excuse for abrogating the Cremieux decree.

The European division of the department, which has always been pro-Franco and anti-Soviet, is also streaked with anti-Semitism, and in the case of the Cremieux decree seem to have maneuvered the Under Secretary, who is above the State Department average, into being its spokesman. A. A. Berle, Jr., is one of those who have opposed sending a Jew to North Africa lest it "offend the Arabs" (on the same principle one ought also to object to sending a Christian). But the people who show such consideration for the supposed susceptibilities of the Arabs were also the ones who supported the appointment of Peyrouton as Governor General of Algeria, though Peyrouton's previous service as Governor General of Tunisia had made his name synonymous with persecution of Arab nationalism.

Representatives Warren G. Magnuson and John M. Coffee of Washington are forming a group of progressive members of the House to take up with the War Department charges made by the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Two veterans who fought in Spain with the brigade have distinguished themselves in New Guinea, where one was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross by General MacArthur. Five hundred members of the brigade are in the American armed forces, and three hundred more are in the merchant marine, where eight have lost their lives. There are branches of the government which realize that the experience of these men in Spain makes them of particular value—I can say no more—in some of the military tasks ahead of us. But the brigade claims that there have been many cases of discrimination against veterans of the Spanish War, some of whom have been barred from combat duty and from advancement. One of the men the brigade declares was barred from combat service is John Gates, now a sergeant in the United States Army. Vincent Sheean and Herbert Matthews have written of the courage and skill in combat Gates showed in Spain as morale officer of the Fifteenth International Brigade.

It takes a little while to catch on to the extent to which Washington is a Jim Crow town. Although the Negro press reaches 4,000,000 readers every week, its correspondents are barred from the House and Senate press galleries and from White House press conferences. The Washington correspondents, though as likable and pleasant a crowd as one can meet anywhere, are dominated in this respect by Southern *mores*. I came up against this myself the other day—if I may be forgiven a personal note—when I asked William H. Hastie to lunch. I had never met the Judge before and wanted to talk with him of his experiences in the War Department, where he had served for two years as civilian aide to Secretary Stimson. Judge Hastie is a Negro, and on inquiry I found that the only place I could take a Negro to lunch was

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the Union Station. I strongly disliked the idea of being forced to take a man of his distinction to a counter in a railroad station, and asked his permission to invite him to be my guest at the National Press Club. Judge Hastie is not one of those members of a minority who, having achieved some position in the world, prefer to shut their eyes to the wrongs of their fellows rather than endanger that standing. He has picketed drugstores here which refused to hire Negroes, and he was as willing as I to run the risk of some possible embarrassment.

It seems that this was the first time in the history of the club that anyone had ever taken a Negro there to lunch. Elmer Davis was addressing a special luncheon in the auditorium that day; so we got a table before anyone seemed to realize what had happened. A moment after we were seated, a page told me I was wanted on the telephone. In the hall I found that this was a ruse. The manager asked me if that was a colored man with me. I said it was. He declared that we would not be served. I said that as a member of the club I insisted on service for my guest and went back to the table. There we sat unserved until two o'clock, when we left for a Chinese restaurant.

The Judge, besides being the least stuffy of individuals and a thoroughly swell guy, is at least as cultivated as some of the third-rate advertising men and fourth-rate politicians who belong to the club. He is a Harvard Law School graduate, dean of Howard University Law School, a former member of the federal judiciary in the Virgin Islands, and has just won the Spingarn medal for 1942. Under the constitution of the club special meetings must be called on petition of twenty-five members. I managed to obtain nine signatures, and a diverse collection of arguments from well-meaning people who agreed with me but. . . . Some people think the punctilio governing a supposed "private club" more important than elementary considerations of human decency. I resigned from the club.

Hitler's Last Year of Hope

BY PETER SAAR

THE German High Command's concept of the strategy that would promise success to the Reich was the same in 1914 as it was in 1939. It called for a surprise attack of overpowering force, preservation of the initiative, and a campaign of brief duration ending with a total victory for German arms. A blitzkrieg is indeed the only strategy adapted to the geographic, economic, and military situation of Germany.

In 1914 the German troops went into battle in the belief that they would be home again in a few weeks. France's mobilization had not been completed, and French soil was occupied as if it were a field of maneuver. The rapid forward thrust got as far as the Marne. There, in September of the first year of war, General Joffre brought the German offensive to a halt. The battle of the Marne has understandably assumed legendary proportions in both Germany and France, for it decided the First World War. The Marne miracle enabled France, with the aid of its allies, to gird for the final struggle, which lasted another fifty months.

The Second World War started out like the First. Who in Germany would even remotely have thought of defeat in June, 1940? France had been overrun, and to every German the conquest of England seemed a matter of weeks. But two years later the Reich again faced the fateful dilemma from which Hitler thought his military and political preparations had saved it.

The compulsion to wage a ruthless campaign with quick and decisive victories presents the German General Staff with a clearly outlined dual task: (1) the destruction of enemy power, that is, of the enemy's fighting forces; (2) the occupation of enemy bases for armament and supply. If these two objectives cannot be attained in the first onslaught, if, after overcoming the element of surprise, the opponent has time and opportunity to reinforce and regroup his armies, to secure their supply, and to mobilize allies, then the Reich has only the choice between immediate capitulation and a protracted war of attrition. Choice of the latter leaves but one chance of victory for Germany—the undermining of the enemy's morale, the collapse of his home front. It is no longer a problem in strategy; it is a matter of speculation.

A war of attrition forces Germany constantly to conquer new supply bases for the ever-growing needs of that war. But every such move reduces its man-power reserves; so that in the event of a prolonged war and superior enemy strategy, the moment must come when the Reich no longer has enough hands to hold and utilize what it has conquered.

When in the second half of October, 1918, discussion in Imperial German headquarters revolved around the question whether the Ukraine could be given up and the last divisions left there sent to the west, General Ludendorff warned: "The Supreme Command, with the

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agreement of the government, marched into the Ukraine because we needed the region for the implementation of our economy. . . . If we withdraw, the situation of our war industry will gravely deteriorate. One could in any event have foreseen that if we were to emerge from this war with our present frontiers, we would be in a much worse position than before both militarily and industrially."

The National Socialist government finds itself in the fourth year of World War II in the same spot. After enumerating the large territorial gains made last summer, Hitler, in his speech of September 30, said that "after all, we are not interested in telling only how many thousands of kilometers we marched. We were mainly interested in obtaining the great space for the purpose of rendering it usable for our warfare." This confession makes wholly understandable the desperate effort Germany is now making to keep the Ukraine and the Donets Basin.

Despite its overwhelming initial successes the German High Command did not attain the two major objectives of its war planning either in 1914 or in 1941. In both instances, however, it was capable, in a later phase of the war, of speculating along the lines described above.

The very costly German spring offensives on the western front in March and May, 1918, did not bring the expected victory. But the Allies, too, suffered heavy losses in men and matériel. Intelligence reports of increasing war weariness in the ranks of the Entente determined the German High Command to attempt a decisive blow in the west in order to bring the war to a successful conclusion. According to the estimate of the General Staff, Germany's 205 divisions on the western front in the spring of 1918 still exceeded the Allied forces by about twenty to twenty-five divisions. To be sure, the heavy casualties suffered in the May offensive had reduced the German battalions from 800 to about 700 men. Yet the use of all available reserves, including Austro-Hungarian units, and the withdrawal of all but twelve divisions from the east were depended upon to decide the final battle in Germany's favor.

When the offensive was launched on July 15, Imperial headquarters were confident that they would coerce the enemy into making peace this time. General Ludendorff, the brains of the German General Staff, albeit overshadowed by von Hindenburg, openly expressed this conviction in a talk with Foreign Secretary von Hintze. In reply to the direct and official question of the Foreign Secretary whether Ludendorff was certain that this offensive could definitely vanquish the enemy, and for good, the General declared: "I can answer this question with a definite yes!" But the Germans found themselves unable to withstand the large-scale use of tanks and the intervention of fresh American troops. On August 8 the British pierced the German lines in northern France and overwhelmed six to seven German divisions within a few hours. The offensive force of the German army was from then on definitely broken. In a headquarters staff talk on August 14 Field Marshal von Hindenburg, in the presence of the Kaiser, defined the military situation by saying: "We can no longer hope to break the enemy's will to war by military operations. Our conduct of the war must set as its goal the paralysis of that will by a strategic defensive."

Von Hindenburg's strategic defensive proved only too soon to be a makeshift, not a solution. The rapid exhaustion of its man-power reserves caused the German High Command as early as the beginning of September to suggest to the government that it seek a neutral peace mediator. By the end of September the size of the German battalions had shrunk to about 540 men. In those days Ludendorff admitted to a representative of the German Foreign Ministry: "I feel like a gambler; at any time a division might fail somewhere." On November 11 Germany was forced to lay down its arms—"unvanquished in the field," as the generals hastened to emphasize, but drained of all blood nevertheless; 2,000,000 Germans out of a total of 13,250,000 mobilized in the course of fifty-two months of war covered the battlefields of three continents. This was 15.1 per cent of the German effectives, and did not include prisoners or those incapacitated by wounds or disease. The man-power reserves of the Second Reich had been used up.

When the present war broke out, the National Socialist Third Reich, including Austria and the Sudeten regions, numbered 79,000,000 people, 40,000,000 of whom, more than half, were men. Of these men, 27,000,000 were between sixteen and sixty-five, that is, they belonged to the age class that the Germany of today considers able-bodied. The draft laws of 1935 provided also for national service for women. When the war broke out, Germany had about 17,000,000 women between seventeen and forty-five, the age group regarded as able-bodied. Any calculation of German man-power reserves must therefore be based on this figure of 44,000,000 men and women able to work or do military service. How many can the Reich mobilize from this reservoir in the fourth year of war for its great spring offensive on the fighting and labor fronts?

The peace strength of the Nazi armies was about 1,500,000 men, including military police; this force was divided into twelve army corps and thirty-six divisions. To bring this nucleus up to war-time strength the German High Command had about 17,000,000 men of draft age, between eighteen and forty-five, theoretically available in September, 1939. Actually, of course, the group available for immediate army duty was a relatively small fraction of the total.

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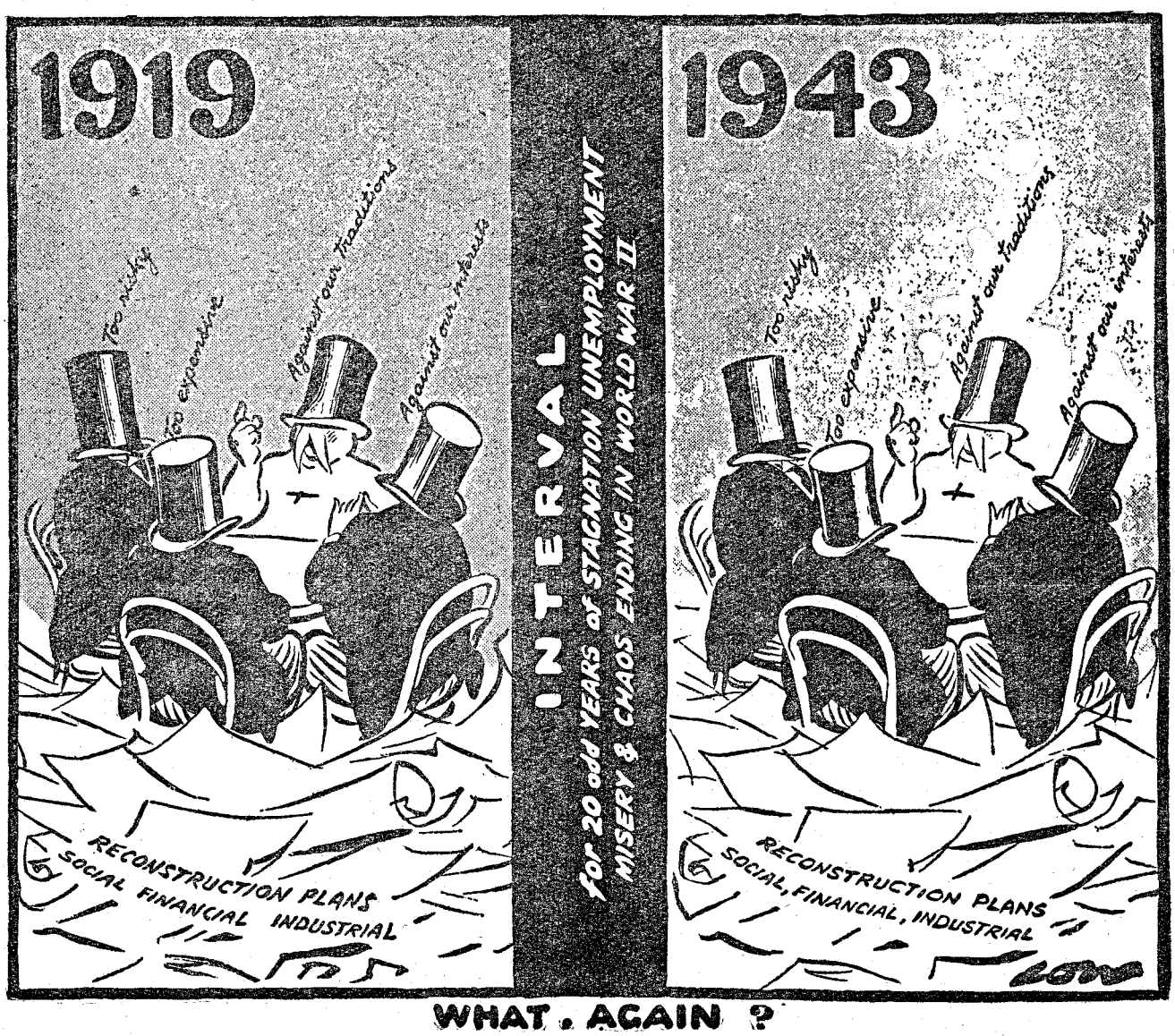
According to the conditions of the Versailles treaty, Germany was permitted to maintain a standing army of 100,000 men only. Since the Reichswehr, in accordance with the treaty regulations, consisted of professional soldiers with long-term service contracts, the age classes between 1901 and 1917 were excluded from military service. These fifteen age classes comprised approximately 10,000,000 men, or nearly 60 per cent of all those of draft age. Of the remaining 7,000,000 trained men of draft age, 2,500,000 were between thirty-nine and forty-five—the youngest active age classes from the last World War. The other 4,500,000 were made up of young men between eighteen and twenty-two, who had been trained since compulsory military service had been reintroduced, and of subsequent age classes trained within the framework of the available cadres. Thus in the first half of the war the burden of military duty lay on the shoulders of the young men between eighteen and twenty-eight, who had been trained since 1935, and on those of "old" World War veterans between thirty-nine and forty-five. The gigantic production of war materials, on the other hand, was the task of the thirty-to-forty-year-olds. It was an almost ideal state of affairs.

The loss of labor on the production front caused by mobilization was comparatively easy to meet. Working hours were increased, foreign workers and women were hired, war prisoners were put to work; the growing number of forced laborers dispatched to Germany from the occupied regions also helped to replace the men at the fronts. In addition, the economic systems of the occupied or German-controlled countries were harnessed in growing measure for the needs of the Reich; so that in the second year of war the German productive capacity was even increased.

This state of affairs permitted Adolf Hitler to utilize to the full the lull in the fighting between the collapse of France and the invasion of Russia, a lull that lasted precisely twelve months. Apart from the prodigious accumulation of war materials, this period brought a considerable increment to the Reich's fighting reserves. The large-scale temporary furloughs given to soldiers of the advanced age classes to permit them to work in industry notably accelerated the recruiting drive. Thus prepared, the Führer launched his campaign in the east.

The intended blitzkrieg against the Red Army and the anticipated occupation of vast regions forced the German



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High Command to mobilize on a much larger scale than heretofore. One may estimate the number of German soldiers under arms in June, 1941, at 8,000,000—nearly half of all available men between eighteen and forty-five. This tangible weakening of German productive strength could be only insufficiently balanced by the above-mentioned labor-recruiting measures. But it was hoped such a situation would be temporary, lasting only during a comparatively brief campaign. The unexpected ferocity and prolongation of the Russian war upset the calculations of the Nazi General Staff.

If we assume the probable mobilization of 70 per cent of all men between seventeen and fifty-five for military duty at the front or at home—in World War I Germany mobilized 65 per cent of its active male population—then Germany would be in a position, on the basis of its population in 1939, to mobilize an army of 16,000,000. Huge as this figure may seem, it loses its threat on closer scrutiny. Let us be liberal and assume that 90 per cent of the age classes that can be considered for modern front-line service, the men between seventeen and forty, could be mobilized. When war broke out, Germany had about 13,500,000 men in these age classes. Let us place the losses of this group, the only one used at the front, at only 2,500,000 men dead or captured or permanently incapacitated. One of the Allied staffs in London recently estimated the number of permanently incapacitated alone at about 2,000,000. But a large proportion of these incapacitated can again be used in production, where they will release other men for active service. Thus they cannot be considered an absolute loss of man-power.

So there remain, after deduction of losses of 2,500,000, 11,000,000 able-bodied men for front-line service. From this number must be deducted the indispensable forces of such organizations as the Waffen-S. S., the S. S. *Verfügungstruppen* (garrison Elite Guards), the Gestapo, the Nazi Party machinery, and the general-security police, which are taken from the same age groups; these must be put at 2,500,000 men at least. The Nazis have therefore, carefully estimated, about 8,500,000 men who could be used as front-line fighters. Eight and a half million men for the front and two and a half million for service at home and in the occupied countries—this is the strongest army the Reich can still muster against its external enemies if it exploits its man-power reserves to the limit, and many of these require a training period of at least six to eight weeks. If we add to this figure 4,000,000 that could be mobilized in Italy and the other satellite countries, we reach a total of 15,000,000 men with whom Adolf Hitler can confront the United Nations in the final battle.

Then there is the equally gigantic task of equipping and supplying such an army, for which additional millions of men are needed. Estimates put the number of men at present working in German mines, arms factories, and other vital fields of industry at 10,000,000. The number employed by the government, the railroads, and the post office is set at 4,000,000. It appears that a nucleus of 14,000,000 men of German nationality is indispensable for the maintenance of the industrial war machine and the administrative and communications set-up.

The mobilization of a German army numbering at present 11,000,000 effectives would leave to the Reich 11,000,000 male workers between fifteen and sixty-five. Since these masses include a considerable number of people whose working capacity is either not fully developed (fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds) or already lessened (fifty-to-sixty-five-year-olds), their total productive capacity can hardly be evaluated at more than 70 per cent of the performance of the same number of normal male workers; especially if one considers the long hours and the stringent living conditions of war time. That means that the 11,000,000 men still available can do the work of 7,500,000 to 8,000,000 men at best. And this estimate does not include the normal reduction in performance due to lack of skill and experience, increased accident rates, and passive resistance.

If we deduct from the labor force about 1,000,000 persons needed to maintain health, youth, and professional training and other experts indispensable or irreplaceable at short notice, persons who are essential to the maintenance of the physical and moral stamina of a "fighting and working community," then the government of the Reich retains barely 7,000,000 to meet requirements calling for 14,000,000. Even if it were possible to make up the needed 7,000,000 by increasing by another 4,000,000 the army of foreign workers, which now stands at 6,000,000, and by mobilizing another 3,000,000 women, in addition to the 3,000,000 already working in industry, the German man-power situation would still remain extremely tenuous. And every day of battle taxes it further, without hope of relief.

When Adolf Hitler, in order to banish memories of the horrors of the preceding winter in Russia, announced his "very simple program" for the fourth year of war, he summarized the essence of his modified strategy in these words: "We must hold everything and must wait to see who tires soonest." That was a new note for Hitler, although it was old for Germany. It was simply a new version of Hindenburg's defensive strategy of the last hours of the Second Reich. But Adolf Hitler knows that he cannot wait for the exhaustion of his enemies today. *He must act.* In the preamble of the latest mobilization order "the *speedy* attainment of victory" is designated as the paramount goal of the war. What the Imperial General Staff could not achieve in 1918—win the war before American armies landed on the Continent—the Nazi High Command is trying to force at all costs

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in 1943. Under Hitler's leadership the Reich will start its final spurt six months earlier than Germany did in 1918 and thus at a relatively more advantageous moment. The Nazis are more determined than ever to fight to the limit. And despite their dilemma, they are still strong enough to set far goals for themselves.

The task of the Allies in this situation is evident. It found expression in the resolution of the Casablanca conference—to wage war against the Axis until "unconditional surrender" is attained. But it is equally evident that the capitulation of the Reich and thus also of Japan and Italy can be accomplished only if Hitler is given no breathing spell in 1943.

Hitler's *levée en masse* will undoubtedly disrupt the course of the Nazi war machine considerably for some time to come. The iron necessity to replace the huge losses of men and matériel suffered in the second Russian winter campaign from the already reduced effectives at home is bound to weaken the fighting and production front of the Reich. That gives the Allies their chance. The length and outcome of the war will largely depend on whether it is utilized.

"Jap Crow" Experiment

BY JOHN LARISON

ENOUGH time has rolled by since we evacuated the Japanese from the West Coast and relocated them in the interior to enable us to appraise the undertaking and perhaps to project a better way out of one of the strangest dilemmas in our history. The majority of the evacuated are American citizens, and now that we have regained our poise after the shock of Pearl Harbor we ought to be able to work out some wise and just means of reintegrating them into the American community.

It is no secret that ten months' experience with the relocation centers has not been a happy one either for the administrators or for the citizens and aliens taken into "protective custody." It can be said at the outset that the enterprise as a whole has been humanely administered by men of good-will, though it has never been the Sunday School picnic or the Boy Scout jamboree that some of our more imaginative reporters have tried to make it out.

The évacués are distributed among ten centers in California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. They live in standard army barracks built of lumber covered with tarpaper. Originally it was intended to allot one room about twenty feet square to each family, but owing to shortages in building materials this space allotment could not be followed, and a good many families had to double up, sometimes with strangers, at best with friends. These living quarters obviously permit little in the way of home life, since they lack both privacy and cooking facilities. Dining-halls, toilet and bath houses, and laundries are communal, one of each to a block. Meals are fair, with some provision of Japanese dishes for the older people. The food cost is about forty cents a person a day, and food is rationed as in other communities.

The centers have few facilities for recreation. The recreation halls, of which there is one in each block, have in many cases had to be preempted for temporary schools and other purposes. Moving pictures are few and far between. Mostly the people have had to make their own amusements, and have leaned heavily on baseball, theatricals, and gardening and landscaping. Books, newspapers, and magazines are scarce and in great demand. As an offset to the meager recreational facilities, the authorities plan to operate the schools eleven months a year, on the theory that the devil finds work for idle hands to do. The elementary and high schools are making every endeavor to meet the standards of the states in which they are situated, although there is a shortage of Caucasian teachers, and inexperienced évacués have had to be hastily trained to meet the need. It is significant of the strong trend toward Americanization that the parents urge the employment of Caucasian teachers.

The government does not provide education beyond high school, although there are large numbers of college students whose work has been interrupted by relocation, as well as recent high-school graduates ready to enter college. With the cooperation of a number of Western universities, the War Relocation Authority has been able to provide some facilities for adult education but nothing adequate for the need. Through the admirable work of the National Student Relocation Committee, a private agency, several hundred évacués have been released to attend colleges outside the evacuated areas.

The economic condition of the évacués is very bad. The original intent of the WRA was to develop agriculture and to some extent industries on a scale sufficient not only to make the centers self-supporting but to create a surplus for the war effort. Three things have caused this program to fall short of accomplishing its purpose. One is the surprisingly large outside demand for Japanese-American labor that developed during the 1942

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harvest season. About ten thousand workers left the centers, after official investigation and permission, largely for beet and cotton picking. This demand will undoubtedly increase in the coming season.

A second obstacle to industrial and agricultural development in the centers has been the wage scale. In addition to furnishing board, lodging, and hospitalization or other medical care to all évacués, the government has set up a system of cash wages for all workers for whom jobs could be found in the centers. These wages amount to $12, $16, and $19 a month, depending on the nature of the work, whether unskilled, skilled, or professional. Almost half the inhabitants are thus employed—many in essential services such as clerical work, transportation, warehousing, and mess-hall operation, others in agriculture and industry. Even if to the cash wages we add the cost of food and quarters, it is clear that for most of them the resultant wage scale is very meager and far out of line with what is being paid elsewhere in this country. Resident aliens of course would expect to receive the customary perquisites of interned enemy aliens, and, figured on this basis, the allowances would be considered generous. With our American citizens of Japanese ancestry, however, the case is different. They regard the wage scale as unfairly discriminatory and do not work with any enthusiasm. Nevertheless, they have collectively done a surprising amount of work in agriculture, in running the essential public services, in organizing community stores, and in operating certain industries such as camouflage net factories—in which, however, a more attractive wage scale had to be established after a preliminary failure to attract workers at the standard relocation-center rates. During the calendar year 1942, with most of the centers getting into production only by midsummer, about $800,000 worth of vegetables and other crops were produced. In 1943 crop production will run to almost $3,000,000, and by midsummer of 1944 the value of livestock and livestock products will amount to another $2,000,000.

Thirdly, the évacués have been too much bossed and managed by unnecessarily large administrative staffs. Among the évacués are highly skilled farmers, artisans, engineers, technicians, scientists, doctors, business men, mechanics, foremen, nurses, and artists. As a group they are unusually well educated, have a tradition of good workmanship, and are in general competent to organize and manage their own affairs. If they had been given free rein, they could have done a far better job than they have been able to do in bureaucratic leading-strings and with a superfluity of Caucasian bosses. Even in their own civic affairs they have been restricted, the community councils being only advisory and hampered moreover by the arbitrary ruling that no Issei—first-generation, elderly people—could hold public office in a center, with the result that the civic responsibilities have fallen largely on the shoulders of the Nissei—second generation—most of whom are so young that a community council meeting is almost like a meeting in Boys' Town.

The unexpectedly large demand for évacué workers outside the centers has led to an important shift in the basic policy of the WRA, which is now to encourage and assist as many of the évacués as possible to obtain outside employment, and to keep the centers unattractive enough to persuade most of them to leave instead of to stay. If this plan could be handled wisely, skilfully, and gradually, with emphasis on those best fitted to work outside, it might be one step toward a final solution.

Thus far, this report might convey the impression that aside from some material inconveniences and low wage scales, relocation has been pretty satisfactory. But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the evil of relocation is its psychic and emotional effect; much damage has already been done and will be permanent unless great skill and insight go into the future handling of this minority problem. It must be remembered that about 70 per cent of the évacués are American citizens by birth. Moreover, with a few exceptions they are eagerly, indeed pathetically, American in speech, manners, and ambitions. So Americanized are they, in fact, that a very troublesome aspect of administration in the centers is the deep schism between the young generation and the old.

These young citizens are for the most part courteous, industrious, earnest, and intelligent. They strike an unbiased observer as unusually good human material. Moreover, they approach their own minority problem in a spirit of humility, candor, and cooperation. Yet they are deeply troubled by the paradox of their detention despite their citizenship in a country whose constitution is conspicuously devoted to safeguards of liberty and equality. Like all young people, they lean heavily on the security, continuity, and predictability of a meaningful environment. Yet these supports have been snatched away from them. They, along with their elders, were removed from their homes, vocations, and schools, from their friends and social ties, often at great financial loss. And they have been confronted with an unpredictable and consequently terrifying future. Worst of all, relocation has fastened on them the galling stigma of suspicion. In this atmosphere it was inevitable that they should be subject to psychic and emotional deterioration, which in some cases has become overt in strikes and riots.

The first step toward the moral rehabilitation of this unhappy group is to clear the innocent of unjust suspicion by segregating the disloyal. And the evidence is that the great majority are innocent of any subversive design or intent. In *Harper's* for last October an anonymous intelligence officer of the armed forces who had carried on a long investigation of our West Coast Japanese published his conclusion that at least 75 per cent

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were loyal. It is likely that this figure is purposely conservative: the responsible administrators of the centers would probably place the percentage well above 90. More convincing is the fact that the army has recently begun to recruit Japanese-American regiments on a voluntary-enlistment basis. Army recruitment has done a great deal to restore the self-respect of the évacués. Even more effective would be inducting them under the draft, after segregation of the disloyal. The young men are eager to serve their country, but they want to serve it on a basis of equality; they regard voluntary enlistment as in itself a form of discrimination, and they have dubbed the special Japanese-American contingents "Jap Crow" regiments. As a result, voluntary enlistments have been relatively few.

A second necessary step is to begin to work out now the permanent solution of the problem. Merely to encourage or to use pressure on the Japanese to leave the centers for outside employment is not a complete solution. Many of them can and should go out, but many of them have been disqualified by "war-shock" from going out and starting life anew without considerable support and advance preparation. A careful family survey, by qualified social workers, would determine which are qualified to go out and which had better stay in the centers until a permanent resettlement plan is devised.

For those who remain in the centers a more normal life should be worked out, better recreational and adult-education facilities provided, and a system of normal economic enterprise developed. Cooperative agricultural and industrial projects on the orthodox profit-making pattern would restore the initiative of the évacués and greatly reduce costs in operating the centers. Genuine civic self-government should be part of the program.

As to permanent resettlement, the government should by all means begin to lay down the broad lines now, lest at the end of the war the whole question be approached on the basis of emotional politics and racial prejudice. Many of the évacués can doubtless shift for themselves and regain a worth-while place in the American community. But many others, probably the majority, if left to themselves would sink to the status of migratory workers. There is especial need for a permanent agricultural-settlement program for the highly skilled farmers among them, preferably in small groups to safeguard them from race discrimination on the one hand and from segregation in ghettos on the other. To effect permanent resettlement, the government must ally itself with liberal community and religious leaders and groups to assure fair play and non-violence.

Only a few hotheads among us need whipping-boys as an emotional outlet during the war. The rest of us might reflect on how best to emerge from the relocation enterprise with a minimum of damage to the évacués and to our own national dignity.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

SINCE the New Hampshire election Democrats no longer talk of carrying Connecticut by a majority of four or five thousand. The Republicans . . . grow more and more confident. . . . Furthermore, the Republicans are not this year, as they were last, weighted with Mr. P. T. Barnum, who in his Congressional district ran some hundreds—267—"behind his ticket," and whose name undoubtedly hurt the Republican Party throughout the state.—*April 2, 1868.*

THE ACCOUNTS of the operations of the "Kuklux Klan," the secret organization which has been formed by Southern "Conservatives" for the purpose of making the South unpleasant for Yankees and Negroes—or, to put the matter more plainly, for the purpose of breaking up the Radical organization at the South—are anything but pleasant reading. . . . The "Klan" . . . has established a reign of terror in Tennessee and Georgia, and is spreading into other states.—*April 9, 1868.*

ONE OF THE DOCUMENTS with which the "Ku Klux Klan" are intimidating their opponents . . . is adorned with . . . cannon, . . . a coffin with a white cross, a skull and cross-bones, a dagger, a chain, a coiled snake, a sword, a heart, two crescent moons, a black flag with "K. K. K." upon it, a hound, a bugle-horn, and such inscriptions as these: "Klansmen—the deed without a name is done"; "Many thanks, O Ghenghis Khan, thou whose crown is" [device of skull and cross-bones]; "Attend the Cabala, and the curse of Nemesis upon him who speeds not the foot at its mystic summons." To be put to death by persons of the mental caliber of the inventors of these placards—to furnish in one's own person the tragic conclusion to so trivial a farce as the "Klan" performances would be if cowardly murder were not the end of them—this must be peculiarly trying to a victim whose taste is not wholly unformed.—*April 16, 1868.*

NOVEL-READERS who got a sensation as of something fresh and new when they made the acquaintance of Ivan Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," will be pleased to hear that another of his very clever books has been translated into French. Its Russian title is "Duim," which means "smoke" or "vapor."—*April 16, 1868.*

THE PRESS DINNER to Dickens, in spite of some conspicuous drawbacks, was a success. . . . The speeches . . . were more than usually good. Mr. Greeley's at the opening was both happy and graceful; was, in short, done in his best vein—which, whatever one may think of his worst vein, is in most particulars admirable.—*April 23, 1868.*

THE *GALAXY* comes to us enlarged and improved, and contains good light reading. . . . "Personalism" is by Mr. Walt Whitman, whose power of brain does not seem sufficient to make his prose remarks valuable.—*April 30, 1868.*

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Rubber from the Farm

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

A LITTLE over a year ago rubber became America's nightmare number one. When war broke out in the Pacific, and we were cut off from the rubber plantations of the East, we were faced squarely with the problem of finding something to keep our rubberized economy from running on flat tires. Under pressure of the emergency we have turned up more new rubber sources than we had ever dreamed could exist, though some synthetic rubber had been in the making for several years, and many processes were already past the experimental stage. In fact, it was on test-tube rubber that Hitler's blitzkrieg rolled into Paris, and it was Soviet synthetics that turned it back in Russia.

Buna S rubber, which has had warmer government blessing than any other synthetic rubber, is made from petroleum, but a majority of the new processes use farm products. Much of the emergency rubber will be made from grain alcohol. The petroleum product going into rubber is known as butadiene, and butadiene can also be manufactured from wheat, corn, and other grains. It can be made from potatoes, blackstrap molasses, peanuts, and many other farm crops. Other plant products can be utilized by other processes, and the government is expending money and materials to develop every substance that promises bounce and stretch.

When the war is over, many of these processes for making rubber from farm products will be so well developed—with respect to both quality of output and manufacturing facilities—that they are not likely to be discarded by a peace-time economy. Some will have competitive economic advantages over others. It appears now that nearly every form of artificial rubber has certain peculiar properties not possessed by others, or even by the natural rubber of which we have been deprived.

Grain, as the chief source of alcohol, has had more build-up than any other farm crop as a source of butadiene for rubber. In Russia rubber has been successfully made from grain for fifteen years. We do not yet know just what part of the rubber program will be allotted to grain alcohol, but the plant of the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation at Charlestown, West Virginia, has been producing butadiene from it at the rate of 5,000 tons a year since November, and other plants of this company at Institute, West Virginia, Louisville, Kentucky, and Pittsburgh will be in production by June. The program approved by the Baruch committee provided for a continuance of present refining facilities and for the construction of new plants. Liquor distilleries have offered to convert their facilities to the manufacture of industrial alcohol. By such means we could obtain three times as much alcohol for 1943 as we had in 1941. At the time of the Baruch report, existing manufacturing plants could produce 200,000,000 gallons of agricultural alcohol a year. This amount of alcohol would give 250,000 tons of rubber a year, which is a little more than a third of our peace-time requirements. It is authoritatively stated that factories to turn alcohol into butadiene could be put into operation much more quickly than factories to obtain butadiene from petroleum. The manufacture of 250,000 tons of rubber, Secretary Wickard says, would provide a market for 80,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Outside the butadiene-producing crops, the plant on which the government is counting most for a supply of rubber is guayule. The petroleum-rubber program has recently slowed down because materials for new plant facilities had to be diverted to other uses, but the guayule picture looks decidedly more encouraging than it did when the Baruch report was issued. The chief bottleneck in guayule rubber is seed. Fortunately, the seed harvest last fall from the government's project at Salinas, California, was six times as large as was anticipated.

Guayule is a short bushy shrub native to Mexico. Under the direction of Dr. W. B. McCallum, the chemist most responsible for its development, it has been grown successfully in the Southwest and, more extensively, in California. At Salinas the Intercontinental Rubber Company, which employed McCallum for several years, has set up a pilot plant and made rubber that stands up under every conceivable test. By patient selection of better plant varieties Dr. McCallum has stepped up the rubber content of guayule from 5 to 25 per cent. He says that acre for acre it will outproduce the Hevea tree of the Far East, and that 40,000 farmers, each growing 100 acres, could give this country all the rubber it needs. Thousands of tires have been manufactured from it.

To get rubber from guayule the plant is pulled up, roots and all, and ground into small pieces. These pieces are then pulverized in a rotating drum containing smooth pebbles and water. In a settling tank the wood pulp sinks to the bottom; the rubber rises to the top and is skimmed off like cream. The rubber is placed in trays, dried under vacuum, and pressed into hundred-pound cakes. It is then ready for manufacture.

When the rubber crisis became acute more than a year ago, the government bought out the Intercontinental interests in California and is now promoting the possi-

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bilities of this plant to the limit. At first it did not anticipate saving enough seed to make more than a minor contribution to the war effort. But the prospect is now that the Salinas factory will manufacture 600 tons in 1943, 21,000 tons in 1944, and 88,000 tons in 1945. While this production does not promise to meet a very large proportion of our normal demand for 600,000 tons, it pieces out the supply splendidly and presages a fine post-war crop for the Southwestern farmer.

Another foreign plant on which the government is spending some effort is the Russian dandelion, or *kok-saghyz*. The Russian government devotes 2,000,000 acres a year to it and has been very successful in processing dandelion rubber. Grasping at rubber straws, the United States had a large shipment of *kok-saghyz* seed brought in by plane from Kuibyshev. This was turned over to twenty-three experiment stations, which were told to do what they could with it. The foliage of the plant forms a spreading rosette of from twenty to fifty leaves growing close to the ground. Rubber is obtained chiefly from the roots, which extend deep into the ground.

Reports on the amount of rubber per acre that *kok-saghyz* will produce range from thirty to two hundred tons. For the present emergency it has two distinct advantages: the plant stores its rubber in nine months; and since it is processed somewhat as are beets for sugar, manufacturing facilities are probably already available. Many experts believe our beet-sugar factories can do the job in their off season. The first harvest in this country was completed last fall, and the government's laboratory at St. Paul, Minnesota, is testing the possibilities. The yield at the Michigan State College station, said to be the best of the twenty-three experimental projects, was around 5,000 pounds of roots per acre, from which 100 to 200 pounds of rubber are expected to be obtained. According to reports, the government intends to expand the acreage to 2,000,000 in the hope of getting 200,000 to 400,000 tons of *kok-saghyz* rubber a year.

One strictly American plant showing great promise is the milkweed. The scientist who has probably done the most work on it is Dr. William A. Sharpe of Alhambra, California. Like the other new rubbers mentioned milkweed rubber has passed some hard tests. Douglas Aircraft, testing it as a lining for plane tanks, found it as tough as shoe leather. One plane tank fitted with a self-vulcanizing lining of this rubber was riddled with bullets without a drop of gasoline being lost.

The milkweed grows almost everywhere in the United States and can be harvested nine months after seeding. Its juices are extracted by crushing, much as sap is extracted from sugar cane. The juice goes through a fermenting process, with cream or latex rising to the top. This is skimmed off and after churning and cooking becomes smooth and plastic. It is then spread on metal trays, treated with infra-red lights to dry it, and rolled into slabs.

The soy bean, which has probably more industrial uses than any other American crop, has rubber possibilities also. Recently Reichholds Chemicals, Inc., in cooperation with the United States regional laboratory at Peoria, manufactured a soy rubber known by the trade name of Agripol. Reichholds is reported to be going into production of Agripol at the rate of 25,000 tons a year. Agripol is not considered suitable for tires as yet, but it can take the place of natural rubber in gaskets, belting, insulating mats, chemical apparatus, and the like. The fatty acids of soy oil are combined with ethylene glycol and the ordinary fillers used in natural rubber. The chemical name for soy rubber is Norepol. Some companies are manufacturing it under that name, while Reichholds and one other firm use their own trade name.

In a hearing recently held before a Senate agricultural subcommittee, John A. Tolman and Alfred Spanier, chemical engineers of Detroit, explained a process for obtaining rubber which indicates that our South has rubber trees and far more of them than are found in the Far East. The only difference is that the Eastern trees go by the name of Hevea. In the South we call them pines. These engineers believe that rubber can be made from turpentine, and that six million acres of pines could supply all our peace-time requirements. As Spanier explains it, to make turpentine yield rubber you take from it pinene, split it, and by running it through a filter disc subject it to somewhat the same conditioning that the sap of the rubber tree gets in seeping through the bark. From the resulting isoprene a fine rubber is obtained. He insists that it can be made for eight cents a pound.

While government scientists are pooling their brains to discover new rubber processes, many industrial corporations are devoting their resources to the same end. The General Tire and Rubber Company is concentrating heavily on guayule, believing it the coming rubber of America. Du Pont has a very efficient non-agricultural, non-petroleum rubber called neoprene. The Goodrich Rubber Company is specializing on *kok-saghyz* and two other plants not heretofore mentioned—goldenrod and cryptostegia. Goldenrod was the plant to which Thomas A. Edison devoted his declining years in an effort to find an economical domestic source of rubber. Cryptostegia is a perennial which grows wild in Mexico and is cultivated in Florida for its handsome foliage and flowers. It contains rubber in all its parts, and the tops can be harvested thirty times a year.

All the processes described show promise, and our problem appears to be not what to do but how to get started. It takes time, money, and skilled management to build factories and organize production on a large scale. But the developments in this field since Pearl Harbor indicate that a new rubber industry will not only meet our war needs but provide a vast new market for the farmer.

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Letters from a Pfc

[*This is the first of a series of intermittent letters which we hope to receive from a veteran contributor to* The Nation *who has just acquired his first stripe in the army of the United States.*]

Atlantic City, March 30

SOLDIERING here, with hotels as barracks and the city's famed boardwalk as a drill field, has a distinctly musical-comedy ring. As a result, some of the folks back home, under the influence of Hollywood, envisage our training here as the sort of affair in which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers whirl gracefully about, while we loll around and smilingly beat out an appropriate rhythm on our helmets. A moderately truthful young man in my room insists that he received a letter from an aunt in Little Rock which concluded sadly, "Poor boy, it must be difficult. You never could carry a tune."

Actually, as any buck private will groaningly assure you, life here follows a somewhat sterner pattern. In fact, those of us who are undergoing "basic training" suspect that it bears a fairly close resemblance to purgatory on a busy day. Several young men from Brooklyn who thought when they arrived a number of days ago that it was to be a "snap, like a visit to Coney Island," were swiftly disillusioned. Yesterday one of them muttered darkly that he would do anything, "even become a Yankee fan," to be shipped elsewhere.

Basic training, which almost everyone survives, though not without a certain degree of astonishment, consists mainly of marching and calisthenics, of an especially strenuous and exhausting kind, and some useful instruction in the care and operation of various instruments of destruction. It also includes, at least in Atlantic City, an inordinate amount of floor scrubbing and numerous lectures, most of them tryingly dull, on such subjects as military courtesy, military law, and the proper way to make up a bed. Floor scrubbing, most of us are convinced, is very bad for our morale, but this conviction is rudely disregarded by those in authority. Having such cherished convictions ignored, along with getting out of bed at 4:45 a.m., is perhaps the most painful adjustment that army life imposes.

There are others, of course, each with its own special torment. The first time my group was cursed out by a drill master, which was about seven minutes after we piled out at the Atlantic City station, one fellow grinned calmly and said, "O. K., bud, have your fun." Lacking the same philosophical bent, the rest of us writhed in humiliation. It is impossible to exaggerate the lacerating effect of your first "cursings out." Fortunately, after two or three weeks your feelings acquire a kind of insulation. If you are so constructed, the cursing, which usually is unimaginative and somewhat redundant, continues to disturb your aesthetic sense, but it leaves you personally untouched. One goes through a similar metamorphosis with regard to most army grievances. Things which at first seem unbearable and set many recruits to talking recklessly about "going over the hill," fade in magnitude after two or three weeks, leaving most soldiers mildly irritated still, but feeling slightly foolish over their early rather histrionic indignation.

An essential part of basic training, though at the last check it had not yet worked its way into any official manual, is the art of griping. This, among other things, is a new kind of folk art, and the average recruit masters it long before he has learned the intricacies of left and right face. In its crudest form it consists of complaining about every, including the most minute and unoffending, aspect of army life. But in true griping, which is both a safety valve for all sorts of emotional distress and a magnificent form of humor, the complaint is built up and embroidered to the limits of the griper's imagination.

A soldier, on finding a seed or two in his grapefruit, will solemnly inform his friends that all he got was a "skin full of pits." After breakfasting one morning on fruit, cereal, two glasses of milk, four hard-boiled eggs, five slices of toast, doughnuts, and coffee, a lanky Missourian with whom I roomed declaimed loudly, "Hell, the trouble with this place is that you never get anything to eat." A civilian eavesdropping on a griping session might excusably conclude that the army was on the verge of mutiny, but very few soldiers would consider accepting an honorable discharge. My Missouri roommate, easily one of the most proficient gripers in Atlantic City, was once asked whether he would accept such a discharge. After recovering from his surprise that the question should be asked, he drawled, "Hell, no. Not for all the dollars in the national budget."

Before a recruit has been in the army for many days he is started through an apparently endless series of inoculations or "shots," to immunize him against smallpox, tetanus, typhoid, malaria, cholera, and other fearful diseases. These shots usually are painless, but the veteran soldiers—a veteran being anyone who has experienced yesterday what you are scheduled to do today—make a practice of depicting each new shot as something dreadful. The recruit is warned pleasantly "to watch out for the needle with the hook," or the "corkscrew," or "the one with the propeller on it." This has infinite variations,

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all of them at least mildly terrifying to the gullible. However, the next day brings its compensation. The recruit who has just received, say, his second tetanus, will invariably be overheard commiserating with some hapless soul about to receive it. "Pretty tough," he will say, "you're going to get the fish hook this time."

One of the first things you notice in the army is the wide disparity of reading habits. There is a fellow down the hall whose most precious possession is a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy"; another reads everything published on the advisability of teaching Greek and Latin in the colleges. But several boys I know find all the mental stimulus they require in "Superman" and other books of comics. They are voracious readers of these "picture books," and some of them miss painfully the comic strips in their home-town newspapers. "That's all I used to read at home," a young man from Long Island confided to me a week ago. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "you can't believe the rest of the stuff in newspapers anyway."

Generally, soldiers, no matter what their tastes, read very little. Asking why they do not read more, at least during their basic training, is reminiscent of the old vaudeville joke in which one vaudevillean approached another, burdened down with packages, and said, "Hey, bud, how about a match?" The fact, vehemently deplored here, is that the extent of our free time is a hair line from zero. Theoretically we have several hours in the evening to ourselves, but our non-commissioned officers, with great ingenuity, manage to occupy these with inspections, special work details, and other such diabolical schemes. Not one of us could be dissuaded from believing that these are cooked up for the sole purpose of preventing us from enjoying sixty consecutive minutes of leisure or from writing letters home, in the army a sacred but often-interrupted rite. As a result, the few minutes of leisure we have are often devoted to maligning our non-coms, which in itself is in the best tradition of griping.

Perhaps because Atlantic City is a "civilian post," that is, one not set apart from the regular community, they are rather prissy here about dress and other such superficial aspects of soldiering. For example, shoes must be polished to a bright gloss. Hats must be worn precisely one finger over the right eye and one finger over the right ear. We are expected also to sing as we march, probably, one of our non-coms once observed vaguely, "because it's good for civilian morale or something like that." The effect is that at Atlantic City at the moment we are down on civilian morale, and some of us derive real pleasure from telling stray civilians about the glories of the army cuisine. This sort of thing helps to make army life not too difficult to bear. Of course, each day brings its jarring notes, as these paragraphs suggest, but Thoreau found even at Walden that "serenity is never complete." And after all, this is the army.

In the Wind

THE NEW JERSEY Senate, not unmindful of the future, has voted unanimously to issue free peddlers' licenses to veterans of the present war.

PROFESSOR R. E. MONROE of Ohio State College, chairman of a ration-board panel at Columbus, has informed the OPA that he will disregard its requirement that a member of a labor union be included in every panel. He has written to Senator Taft and to columnists and radio commentators for support.

WORKERS at the Boeing plant in Seattle are passing around a slip of paper, with a slot at one end, bearing this message: "The 'Our Hero' Committee is collecting donations to buy Eddie Rickenbacker another seagull. Please drop your contribution in this slot."

NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA, teachers feel that their profession has been insulted by the terms of a recent school-board rule providing maternity leave for married women. This is the sentence that angers them: "The provisions of this rule shall not apply to any unmarried teacher who shall make application for leave of absence for reason of pregnancy or maternity."

THANKS ARE DUE Harley L. Lutz, professor of economics at Princeton, for clarifying the tax problem. He writes in the *Tax Review,* "The transfer of tax liability from past income to present income is one involving only a modification of statutory phrasing."

THE VOLUNTARY COMMITTEE to Aid Republican Party Policy Reorganization believes, according to one of its bulletins, that "the President's post-war program . . . can be better administered and put into execution by the Republican Party."

FESTUNG EUROPA: So many things happen to troop trains in Belgium that the Nazis have decreed that a certain number of Belgians must be on each train. . . . Fifteen thousand Dutch farmers who went to German-occupied Latvia and Lithuania in the belief that they would be given land there are now working as farm hands on German estates. . . . In order to encourage "collaboration" by Czecho-Slovakians the Nazis have set up in every town a special "commission" composed of S. S. men and a representative of the population appointed by the Town Council. In a Bohemian town the council appointed an idiot. After the first sitting of the "commission" the whole Town Council was sent to a concentration camp.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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The Sudetenland Today

BY F. C. WEISKOPF

Sudetenland, Sudetenland, for twenty years the Czechs have wronged thee. Now thy day has come. The Führer takes thee into the Reich.—*Slogan of welcome for Hitler at Eger, first Sudeten town to be entered by him in October, 1938.*

A PRESS dispatch from London, published a short time ago rather inconspicuously on the back pages of the big New York newspapers, told about an exchange of notes between the British and Czecho-Slovak governments. "Mr. Eden, in behalf of the British government," it said, "declared that the Munich agreement is henceforth considered void, and that no territorial change brought about by that agreement will be recognized by His Majesty's government in the United Kingdom. This refers mainly to the transfer of the Sudeten region in 1938. . . ."

The Sudeten region in 1938! It was there that the spark was struck which, ten months later, kindled the great European fire on the plains of Poland.

I remember a day that I spent late in May, 1938, at Eger, where Konrad Henlein, Hitler's man in the Sudeten territory, had his headquarters. I had come to Eger with two friends, newspapermen from Paris and London. The town was tense. Czecho-Slovak border guards had shot two of Henlein's storm troopers as they were attempting to cross the border illegally to get arms from an S. S. post in the Reich. Under pressure from Chamberlain and Daladier, and from its own appeasers, the Czecho-Slovak government permitted the Henlein party to arrange a funeral parade for the two men. The streets were handed over to the Henlein storm troopers, who goose-stepped over the market place to Prussian military marches and Nazi songs. It was a sign of things to come, and the thousands of people lining the streets and squares of Eger took it as it was meant. They were by no means all Nazis. Throughout the Sudeten territory the majority of those who attended the rallies and parades of the Henlein party were shifting "quicksands." But when they saw that the troopers were policing the streets, and that the little Führer had the attachés of the big Führer at his side, to the last man they raised their arms in the Nazi salute and shouted, "Ein Volk, ein Führer, ein Reich!"

"They are drunk," said my English friend as we left the town. "No," answered the Frenchman, "they're on the march again, as they were in 1914."

Today, four years after the "liberation of the Sudetenland," they are still on the march. But where has the march led them? What does life in the Sudeten region look like in 1942-43? What do the people of Eger and Reichenberg and Troppau think today? How do they like being a part of Hitler's Greater German Empire?

It is not easy to get a reliable picture of the situation in the Sudeten territory in this fourth year of war. The Nazi censorship watches with especial zeal every bit of news that refers to the real state of affairs in the so-called liberated regions—Austria, the Saar area, Danzig, and the Sudetenland. You have to piece together the elements of the picture from the letters that seep across the borders, from the leaflets and mimeographed papers of the hidden opposition that find their way to neutral Sweden or Switzerland, from the broadcasts of the secret Free Sudeten Radio, which can be heard in England and Russia, from the Nazi-controlled Sudeten press, from the talk of the refugees who still manage to escape, from the diaries found on the bodies of dead Sudeten soldiers, and from information given by prisoners of war.

From all the news we get, whatever its source, one thing becomes clear: the political temperature in the Sudeten region is pretty low—lower than in the *Altreich* (Germany proper). There, even more than in other parts of Greater Germany, the population seems to have lost its soul. This is true not only of the politically unstable masses, but also of many who earlier were staunch followers of Henlein and Hitler. As a neutral observer, a Swiss business man who made a trip through the northern part of Bohemia early in 1942, put it, "If the Sudeten population could express its sentiments in free elections today, the 75 per cent majority Henlein got in 1938 would shrink to perhaps 15 per cent, this remainder of *allzeit Getreue* (always loyal ones) being exactly the group of Nazi officials, S. S. men, police, and other compromised people who know that the end of the present regime means their physical extermination."

Foremost among the reasons for the spreading anxiety and unrest in the Sudeten region is the loss of human lives in Hitler's Russian campaigns. The population of the Sudetenland has been literally bled white. The Nazi High Command, it is well known, considers the Sudeten Germans, along with the Austrians, second-class *Menschenmaterial* (human stuff). Accordingly, regiments made up of them have been used as cannon fodder on the east-

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ern front just as have the Rumanian, Hungarian, Italian, Finnish, and other vassal regiments.

"We were driven to the third attack by the officers and *Feldjäger* (special military police) with pistols and machine-guns," reported Private Anton H—— of Aussig after he had surrendered to the Russians near Voronezh. "The officers were all from the Reich, mostly Prussians and Westphalians. They called us half-Czechs and cucumber-noses and mongrels, and they threatened us with shooting. One of the current punishments for a minor offense was chaining you up at a tree so that you could stand only on your tiptoes. After a half-hour you fainted, but they just left you hanging there for two full hours. Losses were extremely heavy. In the course of the summer offensive our company had to be replenished and reformed three times. When I surrendered, there were only eleven men left of the original complement."

Meanwhile the people back home are anxiously scanning the war communiqués for the announcement of the often-promised end of the Russian campaign. "There is too much idle talk and moaning about the length of the war," declared the chief of the Nazi organization of Lerchenfeld-Aussig in a letter to all party members sent out in August, 1942; "that is not the way in which our soldiers want us to follow their tremendous battles on the eastern front. We must concentrate all our thoughts and wishes upon winning the war at any cost. The home front must become as hard as the battle front."

But neither instructions of this kind, nor new Gestapo campaigns "to defeat grumblers and cowards," nor special propaganda tours by Baldur von Schirach and Dr. Goebbels can harden the Sudeten home front against the steady assaults of the casualty lists. In June, 1942, before Hitler's summer offensive got under way, the official number of Sudeten officers and men killed was 162,000—out of a total population of 3,000,000. The sale of mourning was prohibited in the spring of 1941. An article carried by the whole Sudeten press pointed out that "too many obituary notices in the papers are of a kind which the dead heroes would dislike vehemently. It is inadmissible to say that the dear dead one had no other wish than to see his relatives again, or that the Family X, having lost three sons, has nothing left but grief. A hero's death on the field of honor must not be looked at from such a point of view."

Wounded soldiers from the Sudeten region are usually brought to hospitals in Poland and Slovakia. Trains of wounded men pass through Sudeten towns only by night. On August 12, 1942, a train of thirty cars, all filled with disabled men from the eastern front, reached Reichenberg a few hours earlier than planned. It was held outside the station. Children who were playing in the neighborhood heard the groans of the wounded soldiers. Half an hour later several thousand persons gathered beside the train and demanded permission to see the wounded. Troops intervened, shooting one old worker to death and wounding a score of others.

An underground report from Bodenbach relates the following incident: A woman employed in a grenade factory came late to work and began to read some letters instead of working. The foreman, who used to hold up this woman as a model to the whole department, went over to her to ask what was the matter. Thereupon she began to throw grenades from the box in which they were packed, shouting, "We are all murderers. I have killed my husband. With grenades like these." She was declared mentally sick and taken to an insane asylum. From there she managed to send this letter to her fellow-workers: "My husband has been killed on the eastern front. One of his comrades wrote me about his death and inclosed a steel splinter. It was a splinter from the grenade which killed my Oskar. Now, I ask you women, how can you continue to make grenades in order to prolong this cursed war of the Nazis?" A short time later the woman died in the asylum. Underground leaflets charged that she had been poisoned by the Gestapo. More acts of sabotage were the answer of her fellow-workers.

Rations are smaller in the Sudetenland than in many parts of Germany proper. The region always depended on food supplies from other territories; now, with the transportation system under heavy strain, many of the cities remain for days without potatoes or flour. In the

Drawing by Hoffmeister

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market place of Saaz the following "Hitler menu" was written in huge letters on the pavement:

Water soup with *Ersatz* air bubbles
Lean roasted rat
Salad of withered laurels
Propaganda pie in the sky
With such meals in our stomachs, we cannot
but march to victory. *Sieg Heil!*

Black markets are to be found in every town despite the new severe decrees threatening illegal traders with prison terms up to thirty years. Franz Höller, the Sudeten Goebbels, wrote in the Nazi paper *Die Zeit* in September, 1942: "An army of criminals is bargaining over food stuffs, which are fraudulently kept from the community." The "pig murderers" are particularly condemned—peasants who slaughter their pigs secretly rather than deliver them to the market commissioners.

The court reports of the Nazi paper *Der Neue Tag* are most revealing. They list many sentences like the following: one month in prison and a fine of 1,500 marks for illegal sale of tea substitutes; two months in prison and a fine of 2,000 marks for the illegal grinding of sixty pounds of flour; three months in prison for black slaughter of a goat; nine months in prison and a fine of 200 marks for illegal purchase of two chickens and a quantity of butter and eggs.

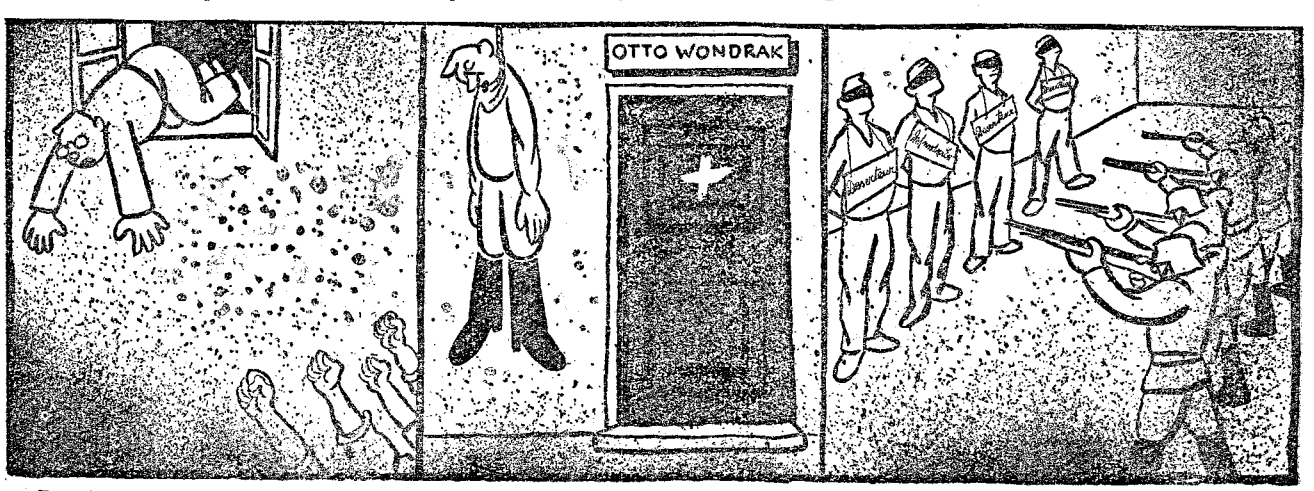
But the prize was certainly carried off by a "rationing order" for "weddings in war time." This document, issued by the Nazi mayor of Komotau, decreed that "not more than twelve additional wedding rations will be allotted in case of soldier weddings, each ration amounting to five ounces of meat, two ounces of margarine or butter, five ounces of flour, three ounces of sugar or honey substitute, one ounce of malt coffee, and one egg powder. Infringers of this decree face a prison sentence of one month and fines of from 200 to 2,000 marks."

The turtle sketched with chalk or coal on factory walls to remind the workers of the underground slogan "Go slow and hamper the Nazi war output" is crossing the border from the Bohemian Protectorate to the Sudeten region. The Gestapo has placed large posters in the armament plants at Komotau, Aussig, and Teplitz warning the workers to report any "subversive propaganda for slow-down or sabotage." The penalty for "turtle painters" was increased twice between January and August of 1942.

Sudeten workers not only "go slow," wreck tools and machines, and damage war products as they pack them; they are also adept at chemical sabotage. Railroad men of the Oderberg-Kaschau line, over which Rumanian oil is frequently transported, repeatedly dropped into the tank cars a chemical substance which rendered the oil unfit for use in airplane motors. It took the Gestapo five months to discover this trick. Workers of the Liebig textile plant at Reichenberg spoiled 5,000 meters of uniform cloth by adding too much sulphuric acid to the liquid used for the finishing process. Forty workers were arrested, but the culprits were not discovered. Airplane motors fabricated at the Mannesmann works near Komotau burned out with amazing rapidity because the mixture of metals used for certain essential parts had been wilfully changed.

"The lack of enthusiasm among the Sudeten population calls for the greatest efforts on our part"—these words were used by S. S. *Obergruppenführer* Benesch from Friedland at a meeting of the high-ranking Nazi officials of northern Bohemia in September, 1942. At the same meeting *Sturmführer Konrad* from Reichenberg pointed out that his storm troopers had to work in day and night shifts "in order to maintain quiet, order, and an average of fairly good mood." *Sturmführer* Neumann from Kamnitz spoke of the "alarming apathy which has replaced the former keenness of the S. A., as if they were infected with the creeping evil of grumbling and defeatism."

That creeping evil seems to spread from the homeland even to the Sudeten soldiers at the front. In a letter to members of his organization in the battle zone the leader of the Nazi Party group at Althabendorf advised them not to give credence to complaints about the priva-



Drawing by Hoffmeister

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tions and hardships of the people back home. "Such complaints are caused either by misunderstandings and casual mistakes or by influences which are hostile to the very cause you are fighting for."

No pep talks, no victory communiqués, no parades are able to lift the spirits of the people. It is characteristic of their mood that the market-place concerts of the Reichenberg garrison, which in former years attracted a large crowd of people, were suspended in the summer of 1942 for lack of attendance.

Circulation of the Nazi-controlled press, according to official accounts which certainly understate the real situation, decreased in the last year and a half about 20 per cent. The distrust of Nazi news and Nazi propaganda, even among those who have been all-out supporters of Hitler's cause, is shown by the case of a certain Willi Krombholz, a charter member of the Henlein party, who was tried at Iglau for "remarks detrimental to the war effort of the Reich." Krombholz had proposed, at a "morale meeting," to ration the lies of the High Command and of the Ministry of Propaganda.

The secret Sudeten German Freedom Station usually closes its program of news about the real situation at the front with the following appeal: "A soldier who deserts from the front, or does not obey the mobilization order, or gets lost on the way to the battle zone is sure to find a hiding place. Soldiers from the Sudetenland, go to the woods and wait for the end of the war. There must not be a quiet hinterland any more. There are guerrilla groups in the Czech regions and in Slovakia. It is necessary to join them or to begin to organize guerrilla bands in our own Sudeten districts. . . . Don't let Hitler continue to slaughter you. Down with the Nazi war!"

There must be a vast network of reporters and informers feeding the news desk of the Freedom Station. Its voice reports happenings in the large towns as well as incidents in small villages, disasters at the front as well as sabotage acts in the factories. In the Town Hall of Aussig, Sudeten industrialists were told by a member of the Armament Council that production was lagging and had to be stepped up. The secret radio station was able to inform its listeners of what went on at this meeting. Agents of the Freedom Station are even among the storm troopers. One of them sent in detailed information about the mood of the S. A. formations of Reichenberg: "They are generally fed up with the war. Last November, at a meeting in the Turnhalle, they were told that there would not be another winter of war. Now their own wives torment them with ceaseless questions about the end of the war. They have to go on patrol duty every third night. They have no free Sunday any more. The Gestapo office in the Laufergasse spies on them. After the execution of Reinhard Heydrich, Gestapo chief at Prague, by Czech patriots, a detachment of Sudeten storm troopers from Reichenberg was sent to the Czech town of Mladá Boleslav to reinforce German garrison troops and S. S. formations. The storm troopers were sure that their last hour had come. Quite a few of them failed to report because of 'sudden illness.'"

Special features of the Freedom broadcasts are the warnings issued to the Sudeten population against Nazi spies. In the first week of last July a Gestapo agent, Erich Peter from Trautenau, was described in detail. Some time later the secret radio denounced three Gestapo spies in the iron works at Witkowitz, giving their false and real names, addresses, habits, and tricks.

"The Rats Are Beginning to Leave the Ship!" This was the title of an underground leaflet circulated in the Sudeten territory in the late summer of 1942. It told of many high Nazi officials who were moving their families back to the Reich and trying to sell property which they bought very cheap only a few years ago.

At Reichenberg, Eger, Troppau, and Oderberg all male Nazi Party members have been ordered to join the S. A. reserve. Every member of the party has been warned to keep weapons handy and to maintain a three days' supply of food "for the event of a sudden emergency."

Arrests of people suspected to be in contact with the underground movement in Bohemia and Slovakia multiplied during the summer of 1942. The Gestapo initiated a campaign of intimidation, but the hidden opposition countered with an efficient war of nerves against the

Strategy and Politics

"Desert Victory," to be shown in the United States in the coming weeks, is not only indisputably the best film that the war has produced but a major lesson in political warfare. It shows British soldiers in Africa participating from the very beginning of the campaign in the study of the great battle they are going to fight. The Eighth Army appears suddenly as a real army of the people fighting a people's war. Like the Russian army now, the Loyalist army during the Spanish War, and the armies of the French Revolution 150 years ago, the British Eighth Army, as it is presented in "Desert Victory," embodies all the popular inspiration that calls forth the expression of a "nation in arms." Strategy, the film shows us, is not a branch of knowledge available only to the General Staff and other high-ranking officers; it is a very human problem, to the solution of which the ordinary fighting man can contribute if he is taken into the confidence of the commander. The proof is in the record of the Eighth Army. Together with the Red Army, it has done some of the best fighting yet seen in this war.

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Sudeten Nazis. White crosses were chalked time and again on the doors of houses where Gestapo agents and Nazis known for their cruelty were living. A Gestapo stooge at Neuern, Otto Wondrak, tried to escape the threatening crosses by twice moving to a new apartment and finally leaving town. But the crosses followed him. He gave up and hanged himself.

Such is the feeling now in a country in which four years ago a large proportion of the people clamored for union with Hitler's Reich. One can well imagine what is happening in occupied countries where Hitler would never have been welcomed. Conquered Europe is a vast, fertile field for anti-Hitler effort, only awaiting the hour when the democracies will finally learn the value of political war.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE strangest psychological campaign that has been launched in Germany in this war began on March 18. The first shot was fired by the great radio speaker Herr Ministerial Director Hans Fritzsche. "It is a good indication of the military worth of a company," he said, "when the soldiers wash and shave and pay attention to their appearance even under circumstances which make it difficult for them to do so." The same rule, he continued, applies to the civil population. "Some people," however, are evidently of the opinion that appearances are no longer important. In a time of "total mobilization" they feel justified in being "apathetic" or "indifferent" to such matters. "They regard total mobilization as license for going around ill-kempt and dirty." Some no longer keep their clothes clean; some do not shine their shoes; others have ceased to have a bowing acquaintance with water and sponge or comb and brush. People who thus let themselves go injure the public morale. They have a depressing effect on their associates.

> A threadbare suit is not a disgrace any more, but even a threadbare suit should be clean. We can cheer up our companions by taking pains and not going about as careless of how we look as our ancestors who climbed among the trees. We want to be at least as well dressed as possible. Total war means a scarcity of many of the necessities of life, but it does not mean losing caste or becoming indifferent to rags and dirt.

The reproving voice forgot to mention that there is a soap famine in Germany and that it is one of the calamities which people feel most bitterly. But at any rate the admonition gives us some information about current conditions. The campaign has continued, and from the various turns it has taken we learn further interesting details. An article in the Berlin *12 Uhr Blatt* of March 17 implies a development worth noting:

> Occasionally there are more-than-a-hundred-percenters who take advantage of total war to heckle people in the subway and on the streets, criticizing women, for example, because they have dressed up for the theater after a hard day's work in an armament factory. If you meet such an ass, give him tit for tat. . . . Must a woman wear a patched dress to show that she works? Must she drag her hat in the mud? If such bleaters had their way, the use of soap would soon be a sign of sabotage. In these times we must work, not spy.

On March 27, in his weekly article in the *Reich*, Goebbels took considerable space to break a lance for people, especially women, who are still well dressed. The *new habit of heckling them, he said, must stop. It calls* forth more than the usual amount of social irritation and irritability.

Many buildings of great cultural value, buildings that cannot be replaced, are being destroyed in the bombardments that Germany is undergoing. Friends of art everywhere are saddened by it, and certainly the Germans not least. Will it comfort them to hear that substitutes are being planned? The Führer is known to be interested in architecture. He has often talked of the magnificent structures with which he will adorn the world after his victory. Now for the first time we are allowed a glimpse of them. Professor Wilhelm Kreis is considered a great architect in his own country. He is known internationally by his enormous heathen monument for the battlefield of Tannenberg, in which Hindenburg was buried. The master has just passed his seventieth birthday; and on this occasion it was revealed to the public that for two years he has been exclusively occupied with sketches and plans for a whole collection of colossal war memorials to be erected throughout Nazi Europe.

The correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* has seen some of these plans, and on March 15 he described them for his paper. All the huge monuments will have a profoundly symbolic form. One will be erected high on the cliffs above the fjord at Trondheim. It will be like a "square fortress approached by a tunnel"—which is supposed to have some philosophical significance. A Balkan monument, to be built on Greek soil on the former Metaxas line, will have the form, appropriately enough, of a gigantic bunker. But the most grandiose of the projects will be a *ne plus ultra* structure erected to the memory of the war in the east somewhere on the Russian battlefield. "It is intended to symbolize," the Swedish correspondent reports, "the hardest battle the Germans were ever forced to fight. Forty half-lighted cupolas will illuminate a pyramidal building approached by a long dark passage. It will be the largest building in the world."

So far as it depends on Hitler, the reconstruction of Europe in greater beauty than ever before is assured.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Ullstein Papers

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ULLSTEIN. By Herman Ullstein. Simon and Schuster. $3.

IT BEGAN in the year 1877. In that summer Leopold Ullstein, a successful Jewish paper merchant, bought a small half-bankrupt newspaper in Berlin. It ended in the year 1934. In that fall the founder's five sons were obliged to "sell" the firm to a purchaser—presumably Adolf Hitler —whose name was not revealed then or later.

In the fifty-seven years between these dates the enterprise had grown to mammoth size. Four Berlin newspapers of various types belonged to it, and countless magazines; the most popular sold more than two million copies. The firm had its own worldwide news service and a gigantic transportation system, including a sizable air fleet. It published books of every price and quality, one of which, "All Quiet on the Western Front," became the *ne plus ultra* of all international best-sellers. It employed ten thousand persons. Its two palatial places of business with their immense presses were sights to be visited. By far the largest and most prosperous publishing house in Europe, it was valued at sixty million marks. The anonymous purchaser acquired it for twelve million—but of course the former owners could not keep this sum. The mills of legal and illegal plundering began to grind, and when the surviving brothers were at last allowed to leave the country, they had only the ten marks apiece that a traveler is permitted to take with him.

One of the brothers now tells the story. Herman Ullstein was the great concern's publicity specialist. His work in this field was praised by those who could observe it closely, and any self-assurance that he retains derives from the memory of his achievements in that line. In other respects he is very modest about himself. "With average gifts as I see them," he writes, "it was my privilege when I finally did enter the firm to be instrumental in helping it to make many millions." When he writes of the years of success, he hardly digresses into the matters that make the biography of a newspaper enterprise really interesting—into the biography of the whole historical period. This larger background he sees today about as the average German saw it at the time, and as the papers of the house of Ullstein described it. It would be going too far to say that in this way a correct picture of events and of the role played by the Ullstein colossus is put together. I would not even swear that many of the figures which in the years of success aroused Mr. Ullstein's admiration did not in reality deserve just the opposite. But that is snow of yesteryear, and the future historian is not restricted to these reminiscences.

The period of which Mr. Ullstein can be most proud, after that of his business success, is the last melancholy period of the Nazis' rise to power, from 1930 to 1933. We learn from him that he considered the danger much greater than most people did and that he was in despair over the absence of serious reactions. He entitles his chapter dealing with these years The Unexploited Power, meaning by that the power of the press. He tells of his efforts to induce the middle-of-the-road German press to offer stiffer resistance to the rising tide. But even in his own firm his efforts were fruitless. The other partners and especially their sons and sons-in-law were apathetic. They feared that a more decided stand would "lose us half our readers" and hoped, inconsistently, "that my pessimism went too far."

It is questionable whether in the years after 1930 the press could have done much against Hitler. The affair had already advanced far beyond the spiritual sphere. However that may be, the great liberal press of Germany did not gather its strength for a sharpened struggle but month by month showed greater weakness. Against the will of Brother Herman, as he tells it, his own house accommodated itself more and more to the current trend—not exactly the trend toward Nazism but toward other forms of a victorious, onward-pressing nationalism. At a frown from the Reichswehr ministry, which threatened prosecution for treason because news about rearmament doings had been published, the editorial staff was purged. When Goebbels raised an unheard-of row about the Hollywood film "All Quiet on the Western Front," and demanded and obtained the suppression of this "insult to Germany," the firm did not make a move to intercede publicly for its own book. And it fitted into the tragedy that just at this time hateful quarrels about property broke out in the family and, draped with "patriotic" motives, were thoroughly aired in public. That was an extraordinary manifestation of the general decay in Germany. But there was nothing extraordinary about the political drama in those last days of Pompeii. As uncomprehending, irresolute, and inglorious as the powerful Ullstein newspapers, all republican Germany at this final stage moved as in a dream toward the slaughter. Not the fact that it was defeated but that it gave up without a fight is the greatest handicap of any restoration movement.

From the day of Hitler's coming to power the Ullstein papers, like all others, were no longer written by their publishers and editors. From that day on Goebbels wrote every line, and it made practically no difference whether the management was conciliatory or intransigent in bowing to the inevitable. The Ullstein brothers grasped the situation; they yielded without useless resistance. They were less quick to understand other inescapable consequences—to their misfortune. It was plain enough not only that the Nazis would now dictate the contents of the papers but that they would soon own them also. This was not foreseen by the firm which had been for so long the mentor of millions of persons. There were warnings, "but we didn't heed the warning immediately. Who, after all, would have thrown up the sponge so soon? The Ullsteins in any case were trying to find some way of keeping their heads above water till the deluge should end, and we thought there was a chance of doing so."

Since they were wrong in thinking so, the public catastrophe was completed by private ruin. The wealth which

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might have been saved by a quick decision in 1933 was lost by waiting till the fall of 1934. Herman Ullstein censures such shortsightedness. "So many people refused to emigrate in spite of the fact that at that time there was nothing to stop them. It won't be as bad as all that, they insisted. And, anyway, they had such a good life. Change all that? No, that was asking too much. So they went on waiting, investing all their hopes in the miracle." It is a sad story in more than one respect. But it has perhaps a comforting implication: if even private interests were so arrantly miscalculated, there is no reason to doubt that the political miscalculations were made in good faith. LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

Points East

SOUTH FROM CORREGIDOR. By Lieutenant Commander John Morrill, U. S. N., and Pete Martin. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THEY CALL IT PACIFIC. By Clark Lee. The Viking Press. $3.

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE. By John Lardner. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

ON THE day Corregidor fell, Commander Morrill and the crew of the minesweeper Quail were ashore on nearby Fort Hughes. They were ordered to sink the Quail, which lay at anchor in Manila Bay, having unaccountably survived Japanese bombs. This involved a quarter-mile swim in a rain of enemy bullets; but they did it, ducking their heads under water to fool the dive-bombers into thinking they had been hit. Then they wondered whether to return to Fort Hughes and surrender to the Japanese or take the Quail's thirty-six-foot open Diesel boat and head for Australia, 2,000 miles away across enemy-infested seas. Seventeen men and Morrill headed for Australia, and "South from Corregidor" is their odyssey.

It is a tale of high adventure and hairbreadth escapes. Their trip, however, was not harrowing like the voyages of Captains Bligh and Rickenbacker, for there was plenty of food, coffee, and fuel oil. Filipinos, both rich and poor, helped the fugitives as they dodged furtively from island to island. The scraggly-bearded Americans landed one night on the private beach of a Filipino grand seigneur, who feted them; he said Americans would do the same for him if he were cast up, dirty and unshaven, on a California beach, wouldn't they? Commander Morrill wondered.

This book, like "They Were Expendable," shows one small facet of the epic of Bataan. Clark Lee gives a newspaperman's-eye view of the whole disaster in "They Call It Pacific." He was in Manila for the Associated Press, and like most Americans there was positive that the Japanese invaders would be crushed in short order. The communiqués kept saying, "Our forces are holding firmly on all fronts," and the people of Manila were utterly surprised to discover on New Year's Day that the army had left.

The same appalling optimism prevailed on Bataan. The troops did not know they were being spent. Day after day they scanned the skies and the seas for planes and ships that never came. Even on Corregidor they clung to hope. "They did not know, and would not have believed, that no help was going to be sent." Someone in Washington thought it couldn't be done, Mr. Lee adds bitterly. He thinks it could have been. He feels that the navy was stunned into timorous passivity by Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Lee's account of life on Bataan and Corregidor is excellent. The last part of the book is less interesting. He got to Australia about the same time MacArthur did, and later went out with the navy from Honolulu. He flew from an aircraft carrier into Guadalcanal. Here he goes into a phase of the war which has been more fully covered in other books.

John Lardner, another newspaperman, picks up the story of America's war in the Pacific at Australia, to which continent he journeyed aboard a crowded troopship. "Southwest Passage" is a thoroughly beguiling book. Mr. Lardner intentionally avoids "profundities and earth-shaking conclusions" and interests himself in the human and humorous trivia of American boys coping with a strange new world. He is concerned with such matters as "the mosquitoes of the jungle of Darwin; mass wassail at Lennon's Hotel in Port Moresby . . . a soldiers' band concert in the night in Brisbane . . . brawls in Melbourne; crap games and racing and lotteries." He is fascinating on the topic of the Australian rhyming slang which stems from the English underworld of two centuries ago. The term for wife, for instance, is "trouble and strife," which is now shortened to just "trouble." "Plates of meat," now shortened to "plates," means feet, and is regularly so used by the Diggers. Mr. Lardner saw signs of a possible interchange of cultures; "my men," an Australian captain told him, "are using 'goddam' quite a lot more than they did before you chaps came here. Very interesting expression."

Mr. Lardner's book kept this reader chuckling long past his bedtime. Although this son of Ring Lardner may eschew the usual profundities, there is a lot to be seen through his shrewd eyes. MARCUS DUFFIELD

The Historian as Prophet

FORCE AND FREEDOM: REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY. By Jacob Burckhardt. Edited by James Hastings Nichols. Pantheon Books. $3.50.

JACOB BURCKHARDT, the great Swiss historian, is known to the Anglo-Saxon world primarily as the author of "Civilization of the Renaissance." But he was a philosopher of history as well as a historian, and thus it is fortunate that his reflections on history have finally been made available to us. The material represents Burckhardt's notes for three lecture series prepared for publication by his nephew. The translator, a young American historian, James Hastings Nichols, has added a very able introduction to Burckhardt's thought.

As a philosopher of history Burckhardt accepted neither the idea of progress which the French Enlightenment had popularized nor yet the cyclical interpretation of history which German romanticism had borrowed from classicism and which is best known to us in the thought of that late romantic, Oswald Spengler. On the whole he belonged in the tradition of Ranke, who sought to give history meaning

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not primarily as a continuum but in terms of the unique value of each moment and epoch. Burckhardt saw little more in the idea of progress than the vulgar illusion "that our time is the consummation of all time" and "that the whole past may be regarded as fulfilled in us."

In seeking to interpret the unique significance of various epochs he analyzed them from the standpoint of the particular balance achieved in each era among three factors—religion, culture, and the state. In making this analysis he refused to accept either the thesis that all cultural realities are but rationalizations of economic and political circumstances or the idealistic interpretation which makes cultural forces primary and all political and economic facts derivative. He had a lively sense of the constant interaction between civilization as the body of a culture and culture as the soul of a civilization, and his insights into these complexities represent a permanent antidote to simple deterministic theories, whether idealistic or materialistic.

Flourishing in the latter half of the nineteenth century and able to point up his historical reflections by contemporary observations which cover post-Napoleonic Europe until the Franco-German war, Burckhardt may be defined as a humanistic anti-democrat. He feared democracy because he thought it would contribute to the development of the totalitarian state. Some of his fears were prompted by the tragic history of France from the generous impulses of the Revolution to the sorry realities of the Napoleonic dictatorship. But it is not merely this bit of history that prompted his fears for the future but profound reflection on the necessity of a delicate balance between traditional cultural factors and emerging forces which he thought the rise of democracy had disturbed.

Though he had little understanding for the positive and creative elements in the bourgeois democratic movement and interpreted its passion for justice quite perversely, he must be credited with the most precise kind of prescience in regard to the twentieth century. No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately. He was certain that its secularized power would be more vexatious than the sacred power of ancient states. He foresaw that peculiar relation between the industrial workshop and the battlefield, between industrial and military power, which characterizes modern militarism. He believed that modern tyrants would use methods which even the most terrible despots of the past would not have had the heart to use. "My mental picture of the *terribles simplificateurs* who will overrun Europe is not a pleasant one," he wrote a friend. Burckhardt even predicted fairly accurately to what degree a liberal culture in totalitarian countries would capitulate to tyranny through failure to understand the foe.

The accuracy of historical predictions does not necessarily validate the philosophical convictions upon which they are based. Burckhardt's thought, indeed, contains some apprehensions about democracy which history has refuted as definitely as it has justified his fears of the totalitarian state. Nevertheless, Burckhardt's view into the future was something more than successful guessing. He was one of the most profound historical minds of the last century, and he provides a quite unique illumination of our present difficulties.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Print-Makers

THE ARTIST IN AMERICA. By Carl Zigrosser. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THERE is a story of an eminent English artist, by reputation and character above any suspicion of irony, who was heard to reprove a grudging critic of one of W. Russell Flint's water colors by saying that it showed remarkable technical ability, "and, besides, that sort of picture of pretty girls gives great pleasure to City men." Like the critic, the reviewer should appreciate things on their merits without reference to unpurposed aims. Mr. Zigrosser has brought together twenty-four stories—thumbnail "profiles"—of American artists as print-makers. Out of some twenty thousand artists in the country, these—twenty-three real figures and one satirical—were selected by the author "partly by chance, partly by design, chiefly because I have known them best." Interpretation rather than criticism was his aim. His model, on a reduced scale, was Vasari's "racy and vivid record of the artists of his day"; his approach, "to draw faithful and just and convincing portraits," often using the artist's own words, "and in most cases with a knowledge based on lifelong friendship." The publisher's intention was evidently a book "for the table"—not for the shelf. And the result, readable, gossipy, well produced, diversified in content and illustration, like Russell Flint's water colors will undoubtedly give pleasure.

Still, without grudging, one may regret that Mr. Zigrosser did not adopt a tighter framework for his portraits. Each has its individuality. But unfortunately they seem to have no common link beyond an interest in print-making of one sort or another. For all the author's conscious avoidance of a critical approach, a closer consideration of the work of each artist in the light of his own statements of aim and against the general historical background of print-making in the period would have added greatly to the value and interest of the book. Mr. Zigrosser's ability to do this is evident in the two sketches of Federico Castellón and the late Emil Ganso, which stand head and shoulders above the rest. In these the author really shows us both men primarily "as print-makers." We see the personality of Castellón through his interest in contemporary painters and his technical ambitions; we see Ganso's character through his struggle for a mastery of graphic expression and his ambition in his painter-like approach to the medium. But in most of the other sketches the author is apparently distracted from a more scrupulous consideration of the artists "as print-makers" by the availability of autobiographical anecdotes supplied by the artists. This contributes greatly to the general narrative appeal but, through a lack of objective editing, adds little to the pictures of the artists as such. In the case of Castellón and Ganso, whether because biographical anecdotes were lacking or because the author was more interested in the work of these artists than in many of the others, Mr. Zigrosser shows himself a sound and instructive critic. There is no reason he could not have adopted a similar approach to his other subjects with a considerable enhancement of his work. And because of the popular character of the print—its temptation to sacrifice so many aspirations to a ready legibility and the seductions of technical virtuosity

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—an exacting critical volume along the lines of Mr. Zigrosser's "cross-section" would be particularly valuable today. But if "The Artist in America" does not help us directly toward a critical view of the contemporary print-maker's art in this country, it opens up a surprising vista of activity. And had it no other claim, we should still be in its author's debt for having included among his reproductions of lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings Stieglitz's magnificent photographs—Georgia O'Keefe–Hands, IV, 1919 and Dorothy True, 1919. JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

Assignment in Tokyo

TOKYO RECORD. By Otto D. Tolischus. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

BEHIND THE JAPANESE MASK. By Jesse F. Steiner. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. TOLISCHUS'S record of his ten months' assignment as a correspondent in Tokyo and his six months' imprisonment after Pearl Harbor makes an important if somewhat indigestible book. The reader with the patience to wade through many pages of dull excerpts from the Japanese press and portions of the author's own dispatches will find scattered here and there observations that really illuminate the dark enigma of Nipponism and some significant new items of information on Japanese politics in those nine months when the militarists were seizing the last remaining controls of the engine of state. Moreover, the last four chapters, in which Mr. Tolischus tells the story of his grim experiences and reflections in prison, have, naturally enough, a vivid and compelling quality which goes some way to redeem the stodginess of the first 300 pages.

It is easy enough to find reasons for these defects. In part they are a testimony to Mr. Tolischus's honesty. He steadfastly refuses to pose as a Japanologist or to indulge in the windy generalizations about the Japanese spirit and way of life that have filled many other recent books on Japan. In the generalizations he does make—about the Japanese political structure, the influence of Shinto, the similarities between Nipponism and Nazism—he presents his facts for the reader to see. Japan was never an easy country to understand, even in the heyday of the so-called liberal era. After the Manchurian grab in 1931 and much more after the assault on China in 1937, even the wisest old hands among the Westerners in Japan found it increasingly hard to judge the shifting balance of political forces and to measure the real strength of the totalitarian tide which was uniting the new technical tricks of Nazism with the old never-extinguished spirit of native feudal militarism and regimentation. The task was made doubly difficult by the incredibly obscure language in which the apostles of the new Japan clothed their reactionary doctrines: two good examples of this literary befuddlement are printed as appendices in Mr. Tolischus's book—one "the Way of Subjects" and the other Fujisawa's "Great Shinto Purification Ritual and the Divine Mission of Nippon." By February, 1941, when Mr. Tolischus reached Tokyo, this process of verbal intoxication had been applied to practically all sections of this population, and the nation was ideologically conditioned for the great military adventure.

Thus the Japanese nation that Mr. Tolischus then met for the first time was already a different political and social creature from the Japan described in most of the standard books. One can therefore hardly blame him if his descriptive passages on Japan, which he intersperses among the notes of his interviews and conversations, are lacking in freshness and in sensitivity to the queer combination of beauty, inhibition, cruelty, and mysticism which characterizes so much of the ordinary life of the Japanese. Mr. Tolischus makes much—probably over much—of the fantastic obscenities which abound in parts of the ancient Japanese books, the "Kojiki" and the "Nihongi," and rightly stresses the Japanese domination of man over woman, but aside from a reference to the gentleness and kindness of the women, he shows little awareness of the everyday life of Suzuki, the Japanese Mr. Smith. That of course was not the purpose of the book. Yet a little more of the daily sights, sounds, and smells of Tokyo and less rehash of editorials and news dispatches would have made a vastly more readable and truer book.

Mr. Tolischus was approached by the irrepressible Matsuoka to transmit a "peace plan" for China to the American government—the idea being that President Roosevelt should "advise" Chiang Kai-shek to sue for peace with Japan! Mr. Tolischus himself later took a hand in peace-making by trying to promote—without success—a scheme for sending Matsuoka to Washington. The idea was well received in some quarters in Tokyo, but Matsuoka himself shrewdly declined to go. Having brought home the bacon from Moscow, he probably was loath to spoil his fame by what could only have been a futile mission. The Japanese, as we now know, made the counter-proposal that the President should meet Konoye on a warship in the Pacific.

Those discredited "experts" in the United States who guessed so wrongly about Japan's unwillingness to fight Britain and America may find some slight solace in the fact that practically none of the Americans in Japan were really prepared for December 7. The blustering, the threats, and the political crises had come and gone so often that the last stages in the preparations after Tojo and his gang took control could hardly be distinguished from the previous false alarms. And of course no one, not even the most cynical pessimist, could have foreseen the tragic depths of our military unpreparedness at Pearl Harbor, Manila, and Singapore.

A good general book on contemporary Japan is long overdue and would make an invaluable complement to "Tokyo Record." Professor Steiner's little book, "Behind the Japanese Mask," might well have met this need had it only been couched in a more attractive and less moralizing tone. Even so, the book is a useful introduction for the ordinary reader and gives a sober, simplified account of Japanese religion, militarism, education, women, recreation, regimentation, poverty, and other social characteristics. Because of its dry style the book fails to convey to a non-expert reader any intimate picture of how the ordinary Japanese lives, thinks, and acts, though Professor Steiner from his personal knowledge of small-town Japan is well qualified for just that task. Some enterprising publisher must find another writer who can combine the best of Steiner, Byas, Chamberlin, and Helen Mears before we have the book we really need on Japan.

W. L. HOLLAND

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Fiction in Review

TWO books published as novels in recent weeks—"Search for a Key" by Walter Duranty (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) and "A Time to Live" by Michael Blankfort (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50)—can, it seems to me, be called fiction chiefly by virtue of the fact that their authors appear in them under fictional names. Mr. Duranty's book is such out-and-out personal history—it is about a certain Oliver Joby who is born in England, becomes a newspaperman, is lamed in an accident, becomes a foreign correspondent, etc., etc.—that it is hard to understand why it was not frankly presented as autobiography, a form which would have more easily accounted for the sparseness of the narrative and more gracefully accommodated Mr. Duranty's constant excursion into anecdote and reflection. Less patently autobiographical and making more of an effort at conventional fiction form, Mr. Blankfort's book is a perfect textbook of self-castigation and so little creative on any level that it is more case history than novel. But of the two books, Mr. Blankfort's is much the more interesting if only because it is so much sicker. My feeling about "Search for a Key" is largely a rather dreary amazement that a person of Mr. Duranty's worldly experience can be so sophomoric; my feeling about "A Time to Live" is vivid horror before an extensive clinical footnote to the history of the radical movement among American intellectuals.

On the day Pearl Harbor is bombed Mr. Blankfort's Ernie Cripton, a young left-wing playwright, stands upon a peak in Hollywood as upon a cozy bed of hot coals, casting up the score of his moral failures. The trouble with Cripton-Blankfort is that, although he has been a devoted fellow-traveler, he has never had the courage or faith to become a member of the Communist Party. This is the central guilt of his life; around it are circle after circle of related guilts—guilt because as a young boy Ernie had been afraid to go to his father's death bed, guilt because as a young man he had had an income of $50 a week while others starved, guilt because he had continued to write plays instead of going to fight in Spain—guilt, guilt, nothing but guilt. Between Cripton and his hair shirt (or between Blankfort and his hair shirt: Blankfort speaks for himself clearly through his protagonist) there is room for neither irony nor pity, nor yet for common sense. For instance, to his inability, in matters of Communist politics, to substitute the act of faith for the questioning of the mind, Cripton traces the death of his baby at birth (lacking confidence in a C. P. future, Cripton had been unsure he wanted a child) and the death of his wife from leukemia (the disease in which the white blood corpuscles destroy the red blood corpuscles)! "A Time to Live" is a strange psychological document indeed, the most cheerless published evidence I know of the frightening connection between personal guilt and social conscience, and proof, if proof be needed, that if there is little fictional good to be got from a writer's hatred of his friends, there is even less fictional good to be got from a writer's hatred of himself.

To read the even better-than-average short story nowadays is to have an experience so tangential to the real thing that it is rather like having a conversation in a language in which one has had considerable training but in which one is still not fluent. John Cheever's stories, which for the most part have appeared in the *New Yorker* and which are even more talented than the average stories printed in that magazine, are now collected in a volume called "The Way Some People Live" (Random House, $2): to read them one after another is to end with an intense feeling of frustration. For even the best of Mr. Cheever's pieces, such as The Pleasure of Solicitude or The Edge of the World, are strongly worded hints rather than completely communicated statements, and I am led to the conclusion that one of the troubles with short-story writers today, even more than with novelists, is that they not only choose inarticulate characters to write about but then refuse to be articulate *for* them. It is an artificial and completely self-imposed limitation, of the same order as the fashionable time-limitation in the short story, and I suspect that the sooner it is got rid of, the better for this branch of contemporary fiction.

Hervey Allen's "The Forest and the Fort" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50) is announced as the first in a series of six long early-American novels. Never having read "Anthony Adverse" I am unable to report how Mr. Allen's new venture measures up to his previous best-seller, but I can report that after a dull and self-conscious start, full of scholarly coyness, "The Forest and the Fort" is a conventionally engrossing story about a little English boy who is captured by the Indians but who in maturity rejoins his own people. Although Mr. Allen could wear his learning more lightly and certainly do more, on the psychological side, with the conflict between Salathiel's English blood and Indian upbringing, his novel is full of absorbing local color and interesting historical incident.

Surely the nicest title of the year is "You Can't Do That to Svoboda" on a little book by John Pen (The Dial Press, $2). It is a nice book, too, on the worm-that-turned theme which is always so heartening both in fiction and in life, and especially endearing when the worm is a Slovakian station porter who turns against the Nazis.

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DRAMA

So Much for Buckingham

GEORGE COULOURIS'S ambitious revival of "Richard III" (Forrest Theater) gave me a very pleasant evening. How it strikes another will probably depend to a considerable extent upon just what that other is expecting, and the danger is that he will be either insufficiently naive or insufficiently sophisticated. If he is simple-minded enough he ought to find old Crookback's melodramatic villainy entirely to his taste. After all, the play was a prime favorite for more than a century during the period when Shakespeare was a popular playwright in the simplest sense of the phrase, and drew better than "Hamlet" despite the fact that even then critics and scholars shook their heads over what seemed to them an unworthy preference. Middlebrows, on the other hand, will certainly discover sufficient reasons for refusing to take the whole thing seriously, and it no doubt requires more interest in a certain sort of thing than the average citizen can stir up to find fascination in contemplating the fact that a play can be alternately so good and so bad, so obviously puerile and at the same time so obviously the work of a man of genius.

"Richard III" is of course one of the very earliest of Shakespeare's plays and indisputably prentice work despite the expertness with which language is handled by a writer who was not yet much of anything except a man of words. Of course a playwright who could set down as the very first line of an immature play such a sentence as "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York" would be, by the evidence of that one line alone, a man of mark. On the one hand, it fills both the mouth of the speaker and the ear of the hearer with some kind of majestic music serving far better than any flourish of trumpets could to announce tragedy and to set a mood. On the other hand, it is also great poetry by virtue of qualities other than the merely musical, for it makes a clearly intelligible statement at the same time that it enriches the meaning of that statement by a series of words each highly evocative, and in the play of meaning on "son" it demonstrates that the author had already mastered one of his finest tricks—the trick of making a pun serve the highest purposes of poetry. Just suppose that one of our own most ambitious and most talented aspirants toward tragedy—Eugene O'Neill or Maxwell Anderson let us say—could achieve one remotely comparable line, not at the beginning of a play, but at some climax where the situation cries out for beauty and dignity of language. How the whole play would then be lifted, how what the author now seems barely able to raise off the ground would soar on wings of emotion! Many times in the course of "Richard III" Shakespeare writes lines and whole passages almost as fine, though sometimes, as in the case of Richmond's speech to the soldiers, he falls back on feeble commonplaces that leave the hearer, who has been led to expect something better, depressed and almost embarrassed.

But of course the unevenness of the play as a play is even more striking. There are three or four brilliantly executed scenes, but if you were to take them away you would have left only a limping chronicle set forth in a form which has hardly evolved beyond that of the morality play and in which both action and characters seem less genuinely dramatic than parts of a stiffly formal pageant. For the most part the character drawing is of the most primitive sort, and the author seems to know so little of the world that one is tempted to call the play part of some Child's History of England or to say that the kings, queens, and courtiers seem at times to have stepped out of Alice's Wonderland, or that the author is anticipating either "The Young Visitors" or "1066 and All That." When Colley Cibber added his famous line "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham," he was as much in the manner of part of the play as he was out of the manner of other parts of it. There are, indeed, times when Richard is a good deal like Lewis Carroll's irascible queen who responded to all difficulties with the same command.

Mr. Coulouris's production wisely attempts no new or forced "interpretation"; instead it presents the play simply, intelligibly, and forcefully for just what it obviously is—a rather primitive melodrama lighted by flashes of genius. Mr. Coulouris himself reads the lines very well, and so does every major member of the cast.

"Kiss and Tell" (Biltmore Theater) gave me another very enjoyable evening of a different sort. Probably it is not so important to explain that the plot has to do with a complicated situation which compels a nice young girl to pretend to her parents that she is pregnant by the adolescent lout who lives next door as it is to say simply that "Kiss and Tell" is what is called "a typical Abbott farce" and is just that at very nearly its best. Two or three commercially successful plays of the season have attempted to provide fun of the same sort; none of the others came off so far as I am concerned, but "Kiss and Tell" very decidedly does. Possibly the author of the script, which doesn't sound like very much in description, has more to do with the happy results than one is at first inclined to give him credit for. The fact remains, however, that the whole thing might be pretty flat if it were not for Mr. Abbott's skilful touch and for a fine cast which includes the always expert Jessie Royce Landis as well as an assortment of good performers of various ages from about twelve on up.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

IT WAS Mr. Downes—when Mr. Petrillo was trying to unionize the Boston Symphony—who used to contend that the members of this orchestra were better off than the members of the union orchestras. Now—when the Boston Symphony has just signed up with the union—it is a member of one of the union orchestras who tells us* that all these years the Boston Symphony men have been better off than his fellow-players in the New York Philharmonic. But it happens not to be true. Mr. Downes's statements led me a couple of years ago to do a little investigating, the results of which I gave in this column and now give again.

During the season of 1939-40, I found, a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra who was paid the minimum weekly rate provided by the union contract (about half of an orchestra gets this rate) received $80 a week for the 32 weeks of the winter season, $80 a week plus a $7.25 per diem allowance for the two weeks of the post-season tour, and $60 a week for the eight weeks of the Dell summer season. The analogous player in the non-union Boston Symphony received $70 a week for the 30 weeks of the winter season, $60 a week for the ten weeks of the "Pops" season, and $70 a week for the three weeks of the Berkshire Festival; and he may or may not have been one of the 50 men who received $50 a week for the three weeks of the Esplande season. The Philadelphia man worked 42 weeks for $3,200—making the average during

* See Mr. Calmen Fleisig's letter on page 539.

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the year $61 a week; the Boston man worked either 43 weeks for $2,910 or 46 weeks for $3,060—making his average either $56 or $59 a week.

What now of the analogous player in the New York Philharmonic? Since 1935-36 his minimum pay for the winter season under the union contract has been $90 a week; the 1935-36 contract brought him this amount for 30 weeks, the 1936-37 contract for 24 weeks, the 1937-38 contract for 28 weeks, the next four contracts for 30 weeks, this year's contract for 28 weeks. During 1939-40, therefore, and as recently as 1941-42 he received $90 a week for 30 weeks, then $92 a week for the eight weeks of the Stadium season; which is to say that he worked 38 weeks for $3,436—making his average $66 a week. And even during the present year he will have worked 36 weeks for $3,256—making the average $62.50. In other words, he has worked fewer weeks to earn more money than the non-union Boston Symphony man and even the union Philadelphia man.

The union contract also specifies the number of "services"—units of playing time, whether in rehearsal or concert—which the player must give each week in return for his pay. In the case of the New York Philharmonic it is five rehearsals of two and a half hours each, and three or four concerts; and I feel safe in saying that this amounts to no more than the Philadelphia Orchestra man must give under his contract. It is in fact a standard to which even the non-union Boston Symphony has adhered for the most part; but whereas the union has held the New York Philharmonic rigidly to the five rehearsals of exactly two and a half hours each, and exacted additional pay for any additional rehearsal, Koussevitzky has been able to call the Boston Symphony to an additional rehearsal without additional pay when he has wished to do so.

The standard five two-and-a-half-hour rehearsals are what have been found necessary and sufficient for the preparation of the week's programs: the program for the pair of concerts in the chief series—Friday and Saturday in Boston and Philadelphia, Thursday and Friday in New York—takes most of the week's rehearsals; at the other concerts—Monday and Tuesday in Boston, Saturday and Sunday in New York—there are repetitions of some of the works prepared for the chief series, and some new works prepared in the remaining rehearsal time. The New York Philharmonic sometimes prepares only one program for all four concerts of the week; sometimes it repeats part of the Thursday-Friday program on Saturday and Sunday, with new works prepared at the Saturday morning rehearsal; sometimes it combines these new works with works from earlier Thursday-Friday programs. But almost never does it prepare even two completely new programs in one week.

Not only has the New York Philharmonic played fewer weeks in the year than the Boston Symphony, and rehearsed fewer hours in the week, but it has in recent years not worked with the taxing, fatiguing, exhausting intensity of effort and concentration with which the Boston Symphony has had to work under Koussevitzky at rehearsals and concerts to produce the precision and finish and tonal beauty of its performances. It was when it was exhausted by work of this kind under Toscanini that the Philharmonic played with similar precision and finish and tonal beauty. But the next week, under another conductor, it would sit back and take things easy and play sloppily; whereas the Boston Symphony under Szell recently maintained itself a great orchestra. And that difference has nothing to do with wages and hours and democratic dismissal machinery—any more than the difference between the Philadelphia Orchestra which has maintained itself a great orchestra under Ormandy, and the Philharmonic which deteriorated during the three seasons when it had Barbirolli as permanent conductor to make work easy and dismissals a thing not of the Philharmonic world.

Orchestras which behave like the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia are entitled to a say on dismissals; but with the Philharmonic one would fear that it might do what in fact it is doing now. Through its spokesman it contends that the present unjustified, terroristic dismissals by a new conductor who doesn't know the orchestra make necessary an orchestra committee to review them; but the demand for the committee seems rather to be part of an attempt to prevent dismissals that are legitimate. Rodzinski conducted the orchestra for two weeks in the season of 1934-35, eight weeks in 1936-37, four weeks in 1941-42, four weeks in 1942-43, and a few periods at the Stadium; by now he knows the orchestra well enough to know who he thinks should be out of it for one reason or another; and most of his decisions seem justified.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Russia and the Communist Party

Dear Sirs: Ralph Bates's review of "America, Russia, and the Communist Party in the Post-War World" by Counts and Childs strikes me as curiously anachronistic. It smells of the good old days of the "united front" when all good liberals were terrified into silence by the fear that any mild criticism of Communist policy might encourage the reactionaries to "red-baiting." Thus Mr. Bates chides the authors for their very reasoned criticism of the policies of the Communist Party by suggesting that "Messrs. Counts and Childs are not threatening the U. S. S. R. with their displeasure but with the might of stark reaction." In fact Counts and Childs are anxious to achieve genuine collaboration with Russia in the post-war world and are afraid that the irrelevancies of local Communists will imperil that collaboration by seeming to justify reactionary opposition to partnership with Russia.

We desperately need a united front between the United Nations, but Mr. Bates is very much in error if he thinks that the only way it can be established is by the old "united-front" domestic strategy in which the Communist Party always called the tune. He is also in error if he thinks that the arguments advanced in this book represent no more than "a personal political feud" and that the book advocates a policy to "please a group of liberals." Let him read the speech of Jim Carey, secretary of the C. I. O., at the Ehrlich-Alter protest meeting and meditate upon the significance of the refusal of the British Labor Party to receive the Communist Party into the parliamentary Labor Party, despite the very strong sentiment in British labor for collaboration with Russia. There is a good deal more than liberal squeamishness behind the belief that a political party owing primary allegiance to another nation cannot effectively serve either the cause of labor in our nation or the cause of partnership with Russia.

Mr. Bates thinks that to "ask the champion of one powerful school [of socialism], the most powerful as it happens, to commit suicide to please a group of liberals is, when not dangerous, quite farcical." Such a formulation of the thesis of Counts and Childs is nonsensical. Russia is the champion of this "most powerful school of socialism"; and no one is asking Russia to commit suicide. No one is suggesting that any demands be made upon Russia with reference to its political life. Without Russia the Communist Party is not the most powerful school of socialism; and it is not being asked to commit suicide. The question is whether it would not be wise to demand, as a minor price for our eventual alliance with Russia, that it refrain from interfering in our political life through a party obviously, all too obviously, controlled by Russia.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, April 3

A Challenge to Reaction

Dear Sirs: In 1919-20 the American Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was an integral part of that treaty. Thereby our country turned its face away from Woodrow Wilson's concept of collective security and embarked on an isolationist course, the fruits of which we are reaping today. In the years since the close of the last war American historians have often debated the following two questions: (1) Was a majority of the American people really opposed to our entry into the League of Nations? (2) Was the League of Nations the real issue in the elections of 1920? It is interesting to note that the answers to both questions, according to many authorities, are in the negative.

Once again we find ourselves in a position which parallels to a remarkable extent the situation of 1919-20. Our present Congress may be called upon to ratify the peace treaty at the close of the Second World War. In this Congress, however, we find a large number of Representatives who are opposed to the Roosevelt Administration's foreign —and domestic—policies. The main strength of this opposition lies in its claims that it represents the American people better than does the present Administration. The Congressional elections of last November, the opposition leaders assert, constituted a clear defeat for the policies of our President.

Such an interpretation of those elections, it seems to me, is questionable. First of all, the Democrats retain a clear majority in both houses of the new Congress. (The country may not have been fully aware that the loyalty of some of these Democratic Representatives to their party chief was purely nominal.) Secondly, and this seems the crux of the situation, the return of numerous notorious isolationists may have been possible only because large numbers of voters—ordinarily supporters of President Roosevelt and his policies—were away from home, either in defense industries or in the army. Had these two groups voted in 1942 as they did in previous elections, there is a distinct possibility that Fish, Brooks, and others of their type might not have been re-elected. Certainly, Fish and Brooks won by the narrowest majorities of their careers.

If those of us who favor a system of collective security are to avoid the disillusionment of the last peace, it would seem desirable that the American people be given another chance in the near future to express their opinion. November, 1944, may be too late. I realize that the Constitution does not provide for a referendum. An unofficial nation-wide poll, however, might well serve as a substitute. An expression of opinion on the following two questions might prove of great value: (1) Should the United Nations sponsor some type of international organization the purpose of which would be the elimination of international anarchy in the post-war world? (2) Do you believe that the Atlantic Charter constitutes a desirable goal for which the United States should work in the post-war world?

It is of interest to note that a similar poll on foreign policy was conducted in the autumn of 1934 in Britain by the League of Nations Union. The results revealed clearly that a large proportion of the British people favored support of the League and even military sanctions, if necessary, against aggressor nations. The effect on the subsequent policies of the Baldwin government was clearly discernible.

Regardless of what the decision of the American people might be, it seems to me that such a poll would be worth while. If, as I believe, the foreign policies of the present Administration should be indorsed, then the isolationists and advocates of "power politics"

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would find the ground cut from under their feet. The waverers would probably become more enthusiastic in their support of the Executive. The opposition leaders would no longer be able to boast that they represent the American people better than does the President. If, on the other hand, the American people voted against collective security and the Four Freedoms, that too, though foreshadowing a dismal future for the world, would be of some value. The present Administration would recognize the danger of making commitments which might later be repudiated. And believers in collective security could redouble their educational efforts.

Such a poll would, of course, involve great expense and labor. The expense might be met partly by public subscription and partly, perhaps, by trade unions and other liberal organizations. College students, I believe, particularly members of the Foreign Policy Association or International Relations clubs, would be ready to contribute their labor. The schools and colleges throughout the country might contribute the necessary space for voting. The main problem, outside of raising the necessary funds, would be to obtain a mass turnout of the people. If such a poll proved successful, however, the desirability of using it for other purposes—on domestic issues, for example—would be evident. The results might well show the desirability of passing an amendment to the Constitution providing for national referendums on all crucial issues.

SYDNEY H. ZEBEL

New York, March 31

What's in a Name?

Dear Sirs: I don't want to take up too much space, but I must make a brief reply to Mr. Spencer's comment on my letter about Alden Brooks's "Will Shakspere and the Dyer's Hand."

Mr. Spencer misunderstood my letter. When I suggested that a lawyer might be better than a professor in dealing with the case I did not mean an ambulance chaser.

I take issue particularly, however, with Mr. Spencer when he says, lightly, that "the important thing to do is not to worry about who wrote the plays, but to read them." I presume he takes the view that it does not matter who wrote them. I dissent most violently. I doubt that Mr. Spencer realizes the implications of his remark. As a professional writer I say it is of paramount importance who wrote what and which and when. I say that literature is vitally interested in *authorship*, that is, in who wrote the books that make up literature. I do not believe that any professional writer, that is, one who lives on his writings, could make such a remark. I am quite sure that Mr. Spencer is interested in seeing that nobody else gets the credit for the writing of his own fine work.

E. M. Forster once wrote an excellent essay on Anonymity. He maintained brilliantly that literature should be anonymous. I noted that his name was on the pamphlet. I disagree with him. I want to know who was responsible for what are known as Shakespeare's plays.

WILLIAM MC FEE

Brookfield, Conn., March 26

"Democratic" Segregation

Dear Sirs: The army has brought Jim Crow not only to this camp but also to the local community. The colored troops have to keep out of "white" places and we have also been given instructions not to associate with Negro soldiers or to frequent particular bars and cafes set aside for Negroes. This was military "democratic" segregation, for both groups had their places. Segregation was practically unheard of in the town before the army established this camp.

The Negro barracks are at an extreme end of the post. And strangely enough, the only democratic barracks are the guardhouse. Here the military does not differentiate—all *poor* soldiers. But why not all good soldiers? My two-day visit was my first opportunity to fraternize with a colored soldier. He was unable to understand "how I'm good enough to die for this democracy and freedom talk but not good enough to die alongside a white American."

My total fury in regard to racial hatred arose when I was advised during my basic training in the South to *"tie my shoestring"* when a colored officer appeared. If you did meet one face to face, you would *just have* to salute him. I wanted to fight alongside "Bigger"!

PRIVATE ——

March 15 U. S. Army Air Force

The Basic Problem

Dear Sirs: Permit me to congratulate your Washington editor, Mr. Stone, for his critical analysis of the Roosevelt post-war security program. Political liberals have consistently dabbled with economic palliatives, like unemployment insurance and public assistance. Such palliatives are dangerous nonsense. They direct people's energies into the wrong channels; they accomplish nothing when they are enacted into law; and they provide only disappointment and disillusionment for the masses. There is no reason why we cannot create an economic set-up which will provide a steadily expanding economy, a maximum utilization of our productive resources, and a job for every man. Such an economic program is the *sine qua non* of any effective post-war policy. If we assume, as most liberals do, that "jobs for all" and consistent full-time utilization of productive resources are impossible of attainment, then we must assume also the inevitability of more war, further advances for fascism, and continued decay of the type of civilization which liberals would like to preserve and strengthen. Given a failure to solve the basic economic problem, all the social security in the world can never stop these inevitable retrogressive trends.

Congratulations again to Mr. Stone for his ability not only to cover day-to-day events but to get down to fundamentals.

MARTIN M. SPENCER

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 3

"Little Drops of Water . . ."

Dear Sirs: Irwin Edman inquires, in *The Nation* for March 20, who besides John Kieran knows that Julia Carney wrote "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." He says that her heart is in the right place, even if her name is in oblivion.

It is not so bad as that. Anybody in Galesburg, Illinois, can tell you who wrote the lines. About a decade ago the Galesburg Civic Art League honored her memory. The address upon that occasion was made by none other than Julia Carney's son, an attorney residing in that city.

H. S. HOLSOPPLE

Los Angeles, Cal., March 25

To Pick the Crops

Dear Sirs: Each day numberless Puerto Ricans die from starvation. I know their plight at first-hand.

Senator Chavez, head of the committee investigating that situation, sensibly urges that a large number of the island's jobless be brought in to pick our vegetable and fruit crops. Why not an immediate order by President Roosevelt to bring in shiploads of them for work in labor-shortage areas? This would cut across all red tape.

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As a labor organizer working in Puerto Rico before Pearl Harbor, I often had to revive women who fainted from hunger at meetings where I spoke. I found it expedient to carry a first-aid kit, hot liquids in thermos bottles, and emergency food. Everywhere I saw evidence of people starving, dying on their feet.

ROSE PESOTTA,
Vice-President International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

New York, March 27

The Philharmonic

Dear Sirs: It was indeed a great surprise and shock, not only to me, a constant reader of your liberal organ, but to all my fellow-musicians, to read Mr. Haggin's article on the Philharmonic controversy.

He has not touched on the broad and basic economic and political causes, and has treated it purely as a musical problem. The committee of the orchestra has tried to point out that no true analysis of this struggle can be achieved by an isolation of the musical factors alone, since they are so completely dependent on the other and hidden factors which so many critics, in their musical ivory towers, are completely ignorant of.

Mr. Haggin shows his ignorance of these determining factors in his column in *The Nation* of March 20. He states in essence that the orchestra is rebellious, wishes to dominate conductors, and is essentially lethargic and lazy. This is understandable from Olin Downes, traditionally anti-union and anti-labor, but a critic on a liberal weekly should be able to look beneath the surface and see the bottom of the floating iceberg!

Is it likely that only their general psychological make-up makes the men in the Philharmonic different from those in the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras? We know that men, even musicians, under the same conditions are pretty much alike in their mass reaction. Is it sheer coincidence that the men in the Philharmonic are different? Or is it the result of the abuses of the past, which have given rise to the present situation?

Mr. Haggin complains of the men's lethargy and indifference. The men know it as plain and unadulterated physical fatigue from the torment of the heaviest schedule of any symphony orchestra in the world! No other orchestra has three different programs a week to rehearse and a new conductor every other week or so.

The policy of underpaying the men and overpaying the star conductors and soloists leads to the necessity, if one is to exist, of finding more work on the outside, which is even more conducive to the fatigue. The average wage in the Philharmonic Orchestra for a twenty-eight-week season, if spread out over the year, is only $43 a week. And this is the cream of the profession! On the other hand, the members of the Boston Orchestra are kept gainfully employed for forty-six weeks of the year and have no need to look for outside work. They have, at most, two different programs a week to rehearse with a conductor they are thoroughly familiar with. This means the elimination of hours of needless, mechanized physical labor.

Mr. Haggin should now realize that rebelliousness stems from a fundamental cause and is not just inherent in Philharmonic men.

Your critic intimates that we ride roughshod over our conductors and wish to keep Dr. Rodzinski from making legitimate changes. The members of the orchestra have never opposed changes for the good of the orchestra. What, however, is happening here? Dr. Rodzinski is not yet permanent conductor; he has had no time to know the abilities of the great majority of men he is firing. In fact, during his short stay as guest conductor it would have been impossible for him to do so. We have no objections to dismissals for the good of the orchestra, but when the men see some of the best players getting the ax, they know that these firings were never meant for the betterment of the orchestra.

Why is it not a matter of concern to our critics that the basic living conditions in our orchestra are so intolerable that our great soloists such as Harry Glantz, trumpet, and Benjamin Kohon, bassoon, considered by musicians the greatest in their fields, have left or are leaving the orchestra of their own will?

Who wishes a first-rate orchestra—the men who make a living from it or the management which, by its economic policy, is making a first-class orchestra impossible to maintain?

We can assure Mr. Haggin that, given the right conditions, disciplinary power and terrorism are not necessary to achieve artistic heights. Mr. Haggin seems to apply to music a Victorian labor policy of fear. We are proud of our work; we wish as much as any conductor to give good performances. If the Philharmonic management were to use a system of rewards for ability and merit instead of their present policy, the greatest orchestra in the world would emerge from the present chaos and confusion.

Mr. Haggin states that we wish to deprive the conductor of his disciplinary powers. At the same time he lavishly praises the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras. Evidently the conductors of these orchestras have not lost their disciplinary powers. Yet they have already in operation exactly what we wish here, a democratic dismissal machinery. We are only asking for what these orchestras already have.

If the critics feel that these orchestras are superior, then they should favor the establishment of the Boston plan for democracy in music here.

CALMEN FLEISIG, Chairman Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Committee

New York, March 22

[*Mr. Haggin's comment on Mr. Fleisig's letter will be found on page 534.*]

CONTRIBUTORS

PETER SAAR was formerly editor of *Westland*, a liberal weekly published in Saarbrücken which opposed the return of the Saar to Germany. In 1939 he went to Paris and made anti-Nazi broadcasts in German for the French Ministry of Information. When the Germans occupied Paris, he was sent to a concentration camp, from which he later escaped.

JOHN LARISON in travels through the West has been able to observe the Japanese relocation camps ever since their establishment and to speak with the Japanese who live in them.

F. C. WEISKOPF, a German-Czech writer, worked from 1933 to 1938 on the largest anti-Henlein magazine published in the Sudetenland. Last year he published a novel, "Dawn Breaks."

LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD, in the days of the Weimar Republic, was editor of the Berlin *Tagebuch*, an influential liberal journal. After Hitler came to power he edited the *Neues Tagebuch* in Paris. Since coming to America he has published "World in Trance: From Versailles to Pearl Harbor."

W. L. HOLLAND, a New Zealander, is research director of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

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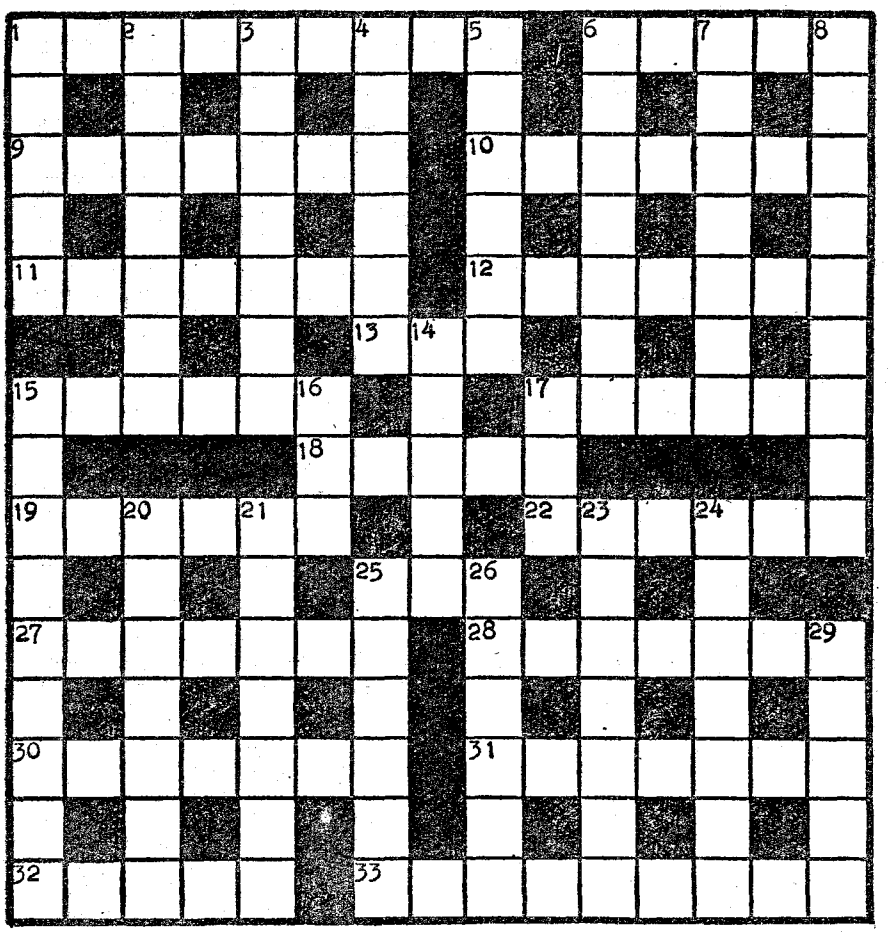
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 8

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 This is the man for posers!
6 The taxer, slightly disguised, demands more
9 He hates to get up in the morning (hyphen, 3 and 4)
10 A request to be more economical is seemingly futile
11 Hidden in: I've piloted a dozen twin-engined buses, but she was always my favorite
12 Lettie, if you know her well
13 Haggard heroine
15 Dunker
17 Satin's poor relation
18 Profitable result of a change of seats
19 Foreign cottage with robust interior
22 This day will never return
25 An animal doctor in reduced circumstances
27 "It's a man!" And it's what a man needs, too
28 An Arab, I
30 Defenseless? There's a weapon concealed in it!
31 Quickly grasped by the knowledgeable
32 Schoolboys are soon sated with them
33 Fabric assessed when torn

DOWN

1 Watch out when the doctor has his hand on this
2 Sounds a limited sort of dance (hyphen, 3 and 4)
3 A temporary withdrawal of sea power (two words, 3 and 4)
4 Slides, in a way
5 European currency in troubled waters
6 Mourning became her
7 A support for the board
8 He believes, no doubt, that abstinence makes the heart grow fonder
14 We have been advised to make it slowly
15 Get a long little doggie
16 The returning sailor declares himself a deserter
17 You can't write with this pen
20 Man and insect are unyielding
21 Most puzzlers found them inexplicable in Nero's day
23 An extortioner, not a superannuated Thespian
24 Three of a kind — or one of them, anyway
25 Covered wagon and backward youth proclaim what Genghis Khan was
26 Tin can containing acid
29 So Ned ferreted out the news

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 7

ACROSS:—1 DIETRICH; 5 ONAGER; 10 NEEDLES; 11 ADVERTS; 12 ENACTS; 14 BRICOLES; 16 INCENSE; 17 SHAVE; 18 IDLE; 20 EARACHE; 22 TOSS; 24 MYOPE; 26 REVENUE; 29 PRESIDED; 30 STEINS; 32 AIMLESS; 33 THEATRE; 34 STRESS; 35 WAVE TRAP.

DOWN:—1 DONKEY; 2 EYEWASH; 3 RELATIVE; 4 CASE; 6 NOVICE; 7 GARBLED; 8 RESISTED; 9 CAIRN; 13 SNEAKED; 14 BELATED; 15 ISTHMUS; 19 STOP-GAPS; 21 EYE TO EYE; 23 STEAMER; 25 POINTER; 26 RIDERS; 27 VERSE, 28 ASLEEP; 31 ETNA.

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